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THE NATION

MAY 27, 1968 35 cents

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America Revisited

THE LONELY FRONTIER OF REASON

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Down the Primary Stretch

KARL O'LESSKER
ANTHONY NETBOY

and 'Squeeze' in Asia FRANCES L. STARNER

ailer on the Steps of the Pentagon

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LETTERS

right to challenge

Austin, Tex.

DEAR SIRS: On Apr. 15 you published my letter of objection to Mr. Brossard's comments on the education of children. In explanation you evade the question of Mr. Brossard's competence in the professional field of pedagogy. Teaching literature and social science in colleges does not make one an educator in the professional sense, and only a professional educator is entitled to make such derogatory statements (seemingly authoritative) about the quality and effect of elementary education in this country.

I repeat, Mr. Brossard is talking through his hat . . . .

George I. Sánchez

Portland, Ore.

DEAR SIRS: Speaking as a schoolgirl of fourteen years' experience (not as many as Mr. Sánchez's but emphatically long enough), I must state that the atrocities of American education inflicted upon myself and many others to whom I've talked fully support Mr. Holt's and Mr. Brossard's position. Perhaps as a teacher and teacher of teachers, Mr. Sánchez has not been in the correct place to learn of what Mr. Brossard speaks . . . . I don't know if teachers, administrators, school boards, or others are responsible, but I know I do not want any of my children to endure the enormous agony of American public education. I still get a frantic feeling when passing one of those repressive restrainers, an American school.

Lynne Botten
Reed College

'War and Peace'

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Creative criticism in the performing arts is so rare that it demands responsible comment from those who are occupied with performances. Robert Hatch's review of the Soviet version of Tolstoy's *War and Peace* [*The Nation*, May 13] was a masterpiece of clinical analysis. Not since the days of James Agee has a subject been so attacked in style, depth, historical and sociological analysis. The film cost $100 million; in about 1,000 words, Mr. Hatch said all that need be said about a complex, indeed a baffling problem, of transliteration, novel to "epic"; casting and direction. Would that the dance had a single voice today as perspicacious and as sympathetically devastating.

Lincoln Kirstein

empty pedestal

Ann Arbor, Mich.

DEAR SIRS: Alexander Werth ["Moscow's Wayward Satellites," *The Nation*, Apr. 22] has some illuminating comments on Czech "realism" but it is clear he hasn't been to Prague for a long, long time. When my wife visited Prague in 1962, she brought home slides which included some of the monster statue of Stalin overlooking the city from the high bank of the Vitava . . . . Nothing was supposed to have happened between 1962 and 1963 in Czechoslovakia. Yet when I visited there in 1963, Stalin had quietly disappeared. No public toppling, no photos, no publicity. People weren't even sure exactly when he had vanished . . . some silent dark night. What remained was a huge stone pedestal with no occupant. Beneath the pedestal were plaques commemorating resistance heroes and martyrs, like Lidice and the writer Fuchs . . . . Chalked in at various places were other names like Benes, Masaryk and names I do not remember or know.

(Continued on page 700)

EDITORIALS

The Road from Nebraska

Senator Kennedy's 51 per cent margin of victory in the Nebraska primary was definitely more impressive than his 42 per cent margin in Indiana; on the other hand Senator McCarthy, in Nebraska as in Indiana (see article p. 686) did rather better than we had expected. In both states he was unable to match, financially or organizationally, the resources available to Senator Kennedy, and neither state was favorable McCarthy terrain. From Nebraska the road leads westward to Oregon (see article p. 687) and from Oregon down the coast to California. These two primaries will have much greater national significance than those of Nebraska and Indiana, whose chief importance was to give a boost to the Kennedy candidacy which had been showing signs of wobble and distress.

With the Oregon (May 28) and California (June 4) primaries as the major political happenings before the Chicago convention, now is a good time to restate *The Nation*'s endorsement of Senator McCarthy. Prior to McCarthy's announcement, the outlook for the 1968 Presidential election could hardly have been more discouraging. It then seemed as though voters might be offered a throat-slitting "choice" of Wallace, Johnson or Nixon. Now they have the possibility of indicating a preference for McCarthy, Kennedy, Humphrey, Nixon or Rockefeller—a refreshing enlargement of alternatives. For this distinct improvement in the political outlook McCarthy is, of course, largely responsible. It is our judgment that the North Vietnamese responded as quickly as they did to the President's message because he had decided to withdraw from the race—and for this, too, McCarthy was largely responsible. Under the circumstances, therefore, it is our view that all those who oppose the war and want to see a redirection of American power and a reordering of national priorities should continue to support Senator McCarthy.

But there is reason for growing concern about the way the election is shaping up. While the outlook has improved, it could still end up with a "choice" of, say, Wallace, Humphrey and Nixon. Whether or not the President's withdrawal, coupled with the message to Hanoi, was calculated to rob his critics of the major issue of the campaign (or at least make it extremely difficult for them to exploit it), that has been the practical effect of his decision. Once again "images" and "personalities" are taking precedence over issues and alternative policies. *Business Week* (May 4) notes that Kennedy, Humphrey, Nixon and Rockefeller—McCarthy is placed in a different category—will each try in his own fashion "to define a new middle of the road in national politics." But what we need is a new politics, not a new middle of the road. A new bipartisan consensus in support of the cold-war policies of the last quarter of a century will not restore confidence and faith in the political process—it will further undermine it.

At the moment, there is a remarkable unanimity of opinion that negotiations in Paris will follow the pattern

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of the Korean negotiations and be interminable. But what if they take a different course? Suppose that an agreement —perhaps an interim agreement of some sort—is reached before the conventions. Humphrey and Nixon might then emerge as the nominees most likely to appeal to "the new middle." This in turn would arouse even deeper distrust of the political process among the groups that are most seriously disaffected. Perhaps 30 per cent of the electorate has become estranged from governmental process by the performance of both parties and has been clamoring for a more significant politics.

The poor—long excluded from the consensus of middle-income groups—are only beginning to organize in a manner that would force attention on their urgent and legitimate needs. The formation of a new consensus of the middle, from which they would still be excluded, will only contribute to their disaffection and despair. Similarly, it would be a bitter anticlimax to confront young voters, who have come out in droves for McCarthy and Kennedy, with a "choice" of Wallace, Humphrey and Nixon. Under these circumstances, the prospect for a politics relevant to contemporary America and the world would be eclipsed almost as swiftly as it was revived.

A McCarthy victory is the best assurance that the new interest and confidence in the political process will not be extinguished. Both in style and substance, Senator McCarthy has shown a real awareness of the need for a new politics. He is well aware that the nature of national politics is changing. Value judgments on the direction that American policy should take are overshadowing specific group and sectional interests. New issues are cutting across the old groupings, alliances and coalitions. These new issues are bringing forth new national constituencies. McCarthy, "the man the people found," has addressed these new constituencies with a candor and intelligence that has strengthened their confidence in the political process. Whether or not he succeeds in having himself nominated, McCarthy has ushered in the "new politics" of the next several decades.

Regardless of the political fortunes of Senators McCarthy and Kennedy—and of personal preferences—the point to keep in mind is that the opposition in the Democratic Party is strong enough, if consolidated, to dominate the Chicago convention. In the primaries thus far held, a majority of Democratic voters have shown that they want—as Senator Kennedy puts it—"a different course of action from that followed by the Johnson-Humphrey Administration." But they are no more likely to get it if Humphrey and Nixon are nominated than they would be if the nominees were Americus Liberator, the retired cowboy, and Harold Stassen, who ran neck and neck with him in the Nebraska primary.

The paramount need at the moment is to see to it that the Oregon and California primaries are conducted in a manner that will not damage the prospects of uniting the McCarthy-Kennedy forces at Chicago. Should this effort fail, we may yet be engulfed in "happiness politics" and all that. At Chicago, if necessary, McCarthy and Kennedy can toss a coin to decide who should have the first place and who the second. There is no longer any need for, indeed there is a real danger in, perpetuating the nonsense

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Publisher JAMES J. STORROW JR.

Associate Publisher GIFFORD PHILLIPS

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Associate Editor PHIL KERBY

Executive Editor ROBERT HATCH

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The Nation is published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by the Nation Magazine Company and copyright 1968 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014, Tel: CH 2-8400. West Coast office (for editorial correspondence only): 1256 Westwood Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing office.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Pan America; $2 for foreign postage.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give five weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

NATION

Volume 206

No. 22

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about "ticket balancing." Let the Democratic Party nominate the two best men. The fact that both are Catholics is beside the point; for a couple of centuries both parties have thought it perfectly proper to nominate two Protestants for the top offices.

Sobering Up

Individuals may go on weekend benders, but nations do things on a larger scale. Our very own Uncle Sam has been on a twenty-five-year spree and now, forced to face facts, he finds things pretty rough.

"This can't go on" is the national feeling, and when something has to give even Establishment Senators begin to think unthinkable thoughts—such as actually making cuts in the Department of Defense budget. For the first time there is a mood to question, to look sharply, to regard a billion as a billion and a million as a million. Oh, if we could only get back a fraction of the $900 billion we have spent on "defense" and related programs since 1945! Oh, if we could just collect a little interest on the $21.5 billion of wartime lending! But it is all gone, gone forever, and the sobering up will be difficult indeed.

In *Forbes* (May 1), Otto Eckstein, the Harvard economist who served on the President's Council of Economic Advisers from 1964 to 1966 and is still a consultant, expounds the hard facts. Many businessmen (including the Committee for Economic Development) think that when the Vietnamese War ends—with its drain of $30 billion yearly—$20 billion, say, will become available for useful purposes. Professor Eckstein warns against such high hopes. The defense budget is now around $83 billion. It had leveled off at around $50 billion before Vietnam, but Eckstein assures us that we shall never see that level again. Maybe $75 billion, he thinks. Another military pay rise is in the offing. Major equipment prices have risen. Expenditures on developing new strategic weapons have been deferred (it seems incridible, but that only shows how little we appreciate the size of the military appetite). We *must* have Minuteman III, it seems, at least as "thin" defense against Chinese ICBMs, and other such splendid hardware. Whatever is saved at the end of the war in Vietnam—whenever that comes—will be up for grabs by the military.

Nevertheless, even hawk Senators like Symington (he seemed to have had a period of reflection but his status now is uncertain) are apprehensive, and so is big business and its economic advisers. The idea is gaining currency that while "defense" spending benefits the big arms suppliers and the regions in which they are concentrated, for the country as a whole it is counter-productive. Eliot Janeway, in his new book, *The Economics of Crisis: War, Politics and the Dollar*, argues that in attempting to act as the world's policeman the United States is increasingly bogged down with its wars, losing economic opportunities that it could otherwise seize, and thus falling into a worsening economic crisis. The best—the only—way to stimulate the economy is to shift into peace spending; the Wall Street reaction shows that this is generally realized. So the military importuners must be resisted; their requests for what they consider absolutely necessary must be shown for what they usually are: exaggerated, spendthrift estimates for future wars which will be as ruinous as the present one, and as unwinnable. Nor should organizations like the CIA be any more sacrosanct than the Department of Defense. No matter how much Congressional courage it may take to do so, these budgets must be cut ruthlessly. There is no other way to get money for the country's urgent needs, and if these needs are not met, then the trouble that lies ahead will far exceed the trouble we are in already.

Aghast

Reviewing *The Philby Conspiracy* for *The Washington Post,* Thomas W. Braden pronounced himself "aghast" at Philby's treachery. Almost bereft of his senses by horror, he was at length forced "to face an abasing truth: that it is possible for a man to accept from those with whom he walks all that they can give in affection, well-being, education, trust and honor, and in return lie to them, steal from them, betray them, even murder them."

All true, but who is Braden to point the finger? He may not himself have stooped to being a double agent, but he stooped plenty when he worked for the CIA. To vary the Biblical saying, he sees the beam in his neighbor's eye but not the (somewhat smaller) beam in his own. Without the slightest compunction, when he was working for the CIA Braden deceived the American people, in the matter of the foundations and other ostensibly worthy organizations which he covertly financed with CIA money. It was all in the name of national security, of course—which may cleanse Braden's conscience—but he can hardly hold himself up as a model of rectitude. It is hard to see why he gets so emotional about Philby, or about any other operator in the intelligence business, where some are sure to be found serving two masters or else serving one and deceiving the other.

By all the evidence at hand, the CIA is no more scrupulous than any other intelligence service in its operations. Remember Francis Gary Powers, the hillbilly who became a first-class flier and was downed in the Soviet Union while flying a U-2 photographic plane—thereby breaking up a scheduled Big Four Summit meeting and prolonging the cold war? The *Los Angeles Times* recently carried a story about him which leaves *us* aghast, though not as aghast as Tom Braden because we do not pretend to observe the world from so elevated a moral station. At 38, Powers is working as a test pilot for Lockheed, which was his ostensible employer when he was flying for the CIA. His mishap occurred on May 1, 1960, and the Soviets gave him a ten-year sentence after a show trial in which Powers confessed all. In 1962, however, he was exchanged for the Soviet spy Rudolf Ivanovich Abel. In 1963, he divorced his first wife and married an attractive CIA psychologist, with whom he lives (incognito, or at least not to be interviewed or even called on the telephone) in a $40,000 home in the foothills of the Verdugo Mountains. But there is more to his story than that.

The U-2 in which Powers did his spying was equipped

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with a special destruct mechanism which, when actuated, was designed to blow up the plane, after allowing the pilot seventy seconds to eject and get far enough away to survive. But there was some question about the length of the delay in the minds of some of the U-2 pilots, and that may have had something to do with the fact that Powers is alive and still flying, with the $50,000 back pay he received and the medal which the CIA awarded him in 1965—very quietly.

The cover story which had been prepared in advance by the CIA did not assume a live pilot, or an unexploded aircraft. In his book, *The Real CIA*, the former executive director of the CIA, Lyman B. Kirkpatrick, Jr., recalled sitting in Allen Dulles' office and listening to Dick Bissell "explain how *it would have been impossible for the pilot to have survived* the crash and therefore that the United States should stick to the cover story . . . ." (Italics added.) And in his memoirs, *Waging Peace,* General Eisenhower refers to the self-destroying mechanisms and says he was told by CIA and the Joint Chiefs that "in the event of mishap . . . it would be impossible . . . for the Soviets to come in possession of the equipment intact—or, unfortunately, of a live pilot."

Unfortunately—or fortunately? At any rate, Powers did not throw the destruct switch. He said that the forces exerted by the spinning plane were such that he could not reach the switch. He did not eject; he got the canopy open and climbed out. His story is that he then tried to reach the switch but couldn't. Suspicious persons (such as ourselves) might wonder whether the CIA had plotted to destroy plane and pilot in the one explosion. The author of the *Los Angeles Times* story wonders too. It is a fair surmise that the CIA did scheme to destroy one of its own agents in order to maintain its cover story. This type of "intelligence" is a dirty business all around. Even in reference to a character like Philby, moral indignation can seem out of place.

Common Courtesy

What we call corruption, an American official explains, the South Vietnamese call common courtesy. It was that way before we came—except that, since the country was not then flooded with American personnel, products and funds, there was less "courtesy" to go around. And the same is true of Thailand, and of every Asian land our troops enter, in the name of saving it from communism. President Johnson has consistently taken the problem of corruption in Vietnam quite lightly. Speaking in Texas not long ago, he observed that corruption is everywhere—in Boston, New York and Johnson City. "Somebody is stealing something in Beaumont right now," he said to his audience in Beaumont, Tex.

No doubt of it, but corruption in Beaumont does not have quite the same impact that American-financed corruption has in Southeast Asia, for reasons which Frances Starner points out in this issue (p. 696) and which Sen. Ernest Gruening, as chairman of the Subcommittee on Foreign Aid Expenditures, has pointed out in announcing hearings on the same subject. By furthering the corruption which is a way of life in most traditional Southeast Asian societies, we contribute to the conditions which Communists turn to their advantage. Corruption is not a minor issue in South Vietnam; it is, as Douglas Kirk points out in a dispatch to the Washington *Star*, "the key word in Vietnamese politics." Consider the story of the black-shirted Anti-Corruption League, with a membership of 32,000, which Vice President Ky organized in 1965. Recently he was mortified, so he said, to find it necessary to arrest Dang Van Thu, national chief of the organization; Le Van Kha, inspector general; and Le Van Thangh, a provincial leader. The three were charged with misappropriation of government funds and the sale of draft-exemption cards. An AP report indicates that the price of such cards ran as high as 75,000 piasters or $635. The more certain American officials ponder the problem of "common courtesy" in South Vietnam, the more they are inclined to rethink the kind of role we actually play in South Vietnam and Thailand and Laos by contrast with the role we say we are playing "Whether attacking poverty or Communism," writes Robert Keatley in a dispatch to *The Wall Street Journal* from Thailand (May 15), "the U.S. sometimes aggravates problems it seeks to solve, or even creates new ones in the process." We hope Senator Gruening presses forward with his investigation; the findings will be of continuing relevance to American policy in Southeast Asia, quite apart from what happens in the Paris peace talks.

The Return Flow

The Peace and Freedom Party qualified for the ballot in California last year with 105,100 registrations, substantially more than the number required by the state election code. The new party, composed primarily of voters under 30, reflected a sharp alienation from consensus politics at a time when it appeared that the only alternative to President Johnson this year would be Richard Nixon—a prospect that dismayed millions of older voters as well as the young.

The Peace and Freedom registration has now dropped to 71,532, a loss of nearly one-third of its original strength. (We had anticipated that some such shift would in all probability take place: see our editorial "Thoughts in a Dry Season," February 19.) P.&F. leaders, allied ideologically to the militant Left, see little if any difference in the programs and prospects of Johnson, McCarthy, Kennedy and Humphrey, or in those of Rockefeller and Nixon; but 33,568 former members of their party disagree. Most of the credit for their decision to return to the main political stage must go to Senator McCarthy, who was the first political leader to sense the vulnerability of President Johnson.

The Peace and Freedom Party could still become a significant factor this year in California politics. If the August conventions nominate Nixon and Humphrey, the new party could gain as many as a half-million protest votes, mostly from the Democratic ranks, though the anti-Nixon Republicans would also be tempted to leave home in disgust.

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DOWN THE PRIMARY STRETCH

From Indiana ...

KARL O'LESSKER
Mr. O'Lessker has been active in Indiana Democratic politics for many years. A member of the Wabash College faculty, he is now visiting professor of political science at the University of Illinois.

A white backlash that didn't develop, a Republican cross-over that did: a huge Negro vote and a set of Democratic organization factional fights of almost impenetrable obscurity—this is the stuff out of which Sens. Robert Kennedy and Eugene McCarthy put together their different kinds of "victory" in Indiana's primary.

There were few surprises, and those only of degree. Everyone knew Kennedy would do well among the Negroes; no one supposed he would get, as he did, 90 per cent of their vote. Everyone knew McCarthy would be helped by Republican cross-overs; no one supposed he would get, as he appears to have done, more than half of them.

But for the most part, the pollsters had done their job well. At least two weeks before the election they showed the correct order of finish among the three candidates (favorite son Gov. Roger Branigin was picked to come second, and did), and their principal sources of strength within the Democratic electorate. Most important, they indicated that no substantial backlash was developing against Kennedy among the "ethnics" of industrial northern Indiana, where his candidacy *could* have smashed beyond salvage.

As it turned out, Kennedy did better than he had dared hope, not only in the all-white working-class districts but also in the mixed white-black districts. In one predominantly Polish precinct of South Bend, for example, he took just over two-thirds of the almost 400 votes; and in a racially tense mixed precinct in the same city he won exactly half the vote. (McCarthy ran well ahead of Branigin in both.) And Kennedy ran up a substantial plurality in bitterly divided Lake County where four years earlier George Wallace had beaten a stand-in for President Johnson.

Some backlash does seem to have motivated the non-ethnic white working class of central and southern Indiana, a population drawn largely from Kentucky and rural Indiana. In an all-white working-class precinct in Columbus, Kennedy had to settle for a plurality (42 per cent) against Branigin's 34 per cent, a result which takes on significance when measured against the Senator's sweep in the industrial north. In that same Columbus district, and in others like it, McCarthy also fared markedly less well than he did among the "ethnics"; this suggests, if only faintly, some lingering traces of the religious issue which was so important in Indiana eight years ago.

In contrast to Kennedy, McCarthy showed greatest strength (as anticipated) in university and well-to-do suburban districts. Monroe County, home of Indiana University, gave him one of his few substantial victories. He carried the entire county with a plurality of almost 46 per cent, beating Branigin by more than 2 to 1. And in a Purdue University precinct in West Lafayette, McCarthy received 150 votes to 91 for Kennedy and 92 for Branigin. In an upper-middle-class district in Evansville the Minnesotan took 85 of the 181 total; in a similar, though largely Jewish, precinct outside Indianapolis, he won a similar but still impressive plurality.

An important increment to the McCarthy total came from Republican cross-overs. Like Branigin, he had solicited them: and while earlier estimates indicated that the Governor, not the Senator, would be the main beneficiary of any party jumping, spot checks taken just before and during the balloting showed that McCarthy stood to gain at least half of them. If, as most observers now believe, some 10 per cent of the approximately 700,000 votes in the Democratic primary were cast by Republicans, and if McCarthy and Branigin divided them equally (Kennedy, it is agreed, got none), the boost to McCarthy would represent something like 17 per cent of his total vote.

Put another way, *without* cross-overs McCarthy would have received 25, Branigin 29 and Kennedy 47 per cent of the Democratic vote instead of the 28, 30 and 42 per cent which they did receive.

The main sources of Branigin strength are difficult to assess. To be sure, he had the support of his own once potent party organization, of most of Indiana's labor leaders, and of the big-circulation, ultra-conservative Indianapolis newspapers. But the organization has had its internal troubles of late, with a number of county chairmen only too willing to humiliate both the Governor and the party's state chairman. And in any case, as several long-time politician watchers in Indiana (including the senior U.S. Senator, Vance Hartke) commented in the aftermath, the "old style" politics just doesn't work as it once did: voters are too deeply concerned with issues and personalities to be much impressed by appeals to organization loyalty.

The labor leaders demonstrated once again their inability to carry the rank and file with them on electoral decisions. Their object, of course, was to hold the national convention delegation for Humphrey. Had the Vice President been on the ballot, or had he at least campaigned hard on behalf of his ostensible stand-in (Branigin denied being any such thing), the outcome might have been dramatically different. But union members saw and heard Kennedy and McCarthy present the issues and ask for their votes: the leadership offered them only a maneuver.

That Branigin received as much of the vote as he did is testimony to his personal popularity with large numbers of Hoosiers, especially in the rural and small-town areas.

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He appears also to have scored points with his argument that an uncommitted delegation could best serve Indiana's interests in Chicago next August. And a degree of anti-Kennedy feeling, among voters for whom Eugene McCarthy was still too much of an unknown quantity, surely contributed to the Governor's poll. But by any accounting, and despite his second-place finish, Branigin was the one clear loser in Indiana's Presidential primary.

Who then was the winner? Robert Kennedy got more votes than anyone else on the Democratic ticket and exceeded the ten-point spread he had hoped for between himself and his nearest opponent. He demonstrated, what was vital, that he could win both the Negro vote *and* the prospective ethnic-white-backlash vote. And he ran extraordinarily well in certain rural counties, notably several in southern Indiana, where his name might have been supposed to be anathema (Scott County, for example, once the most racist in the entire state, gave him 1,300 votes to 900 for Branigin and 500 for McCarthy).

But he did not succeed altogether in allaying fears that a significant minority of Democrats are utterly opposed to his candidacy; perhaps no such demonstration was reasonably possible. In any case, Democratic politicians in Indiana remain unconvinced that Kennedy would be the party's strongest standard-bearer in this state next November. For it is victory in the Statehouse, not the White House, that most concerns them. To that extent Kennedy's triumph here was something less than decisive.

McCarthy and his staff argue with obvious conviction that their campaign hasn't been hurt at all by the third-place finish. McCarthy's vote, they say, exceeded their expectations. More important, they are convinced that practically all the Branigin voters would have gone to them had the Governor dropped out after Johnson's withdrawal, and that in a head-to-head fight with Kennedy in Indiana McCarthy would have emerged a big winner.

This line of reasoning is by no means irresistible. At least among the party organization people one talks to, Kennedy and not McCarthy was a clear second choice to Governor Branigin. And in order to agree that the bulk of the Branigin vote would have transferred to McCarthy, you must assume a much greater depth of anti-Kennedy feeling than anything in this election demonstrates.

In sum, Indiana was a round of sparring; the combat will have to resume in other arenas. And when the knockout does come, as it almost certainly will in the next few weeks, the victor will have to use every ounce of his remaining strength to keep another man from walking off with the prize.

... to Oregon

ANTHONY NETBOY
Mr. Netboy, assistant professor at Portland State College, is co-author of Water, Land and People (*Knopf*).

Portland

Originally settled by New Englanders and Midwesterners of New England background, Oregon has retained their conservative outlook. The state is today preponderantly Protestant, with few minority groups, and none of great political importance. It is generally admitted that conservatism makes Oregon a morally healthy but not a forward-looking place in which to live. There is a saying that Oregonians build for yesterday.

As one would expect from this, the state's voting record has been predominantly Republican. In fact, until 1954, it had rarely sent a Democrat to Congress. In that year Richard L. Neuberger broke a forty-year tradition by winning a seat in the United States Senate, and Edith Green was elected to the House, the first Democrat since the early New Deal. The Congressional delegations are now split evenly.

There are no strong political machines in Oregon. In the sixteen years that I have lived here I have never heard of a political boss. The only votes a candidate for office can really count on are those of family and friends, and friends of friends. One of the candidates for attorney general this year is married to a woman who has fourteen brothers and sisters, and this is acknowledged to be a real asset.

The familiarity of a name counts for a great deal more in Oregon than it does in the East, and candidates without any political experience, or ability, are often elected to high office because their names are well known around the state. Thus the present Governor, Tom McCall, won office simply by having been for many years a newscaster. He had never held any public office. He plastered the state with signs reading "Vote for McCall," not bothering to mention his Republican affiliation or the office he was seeking.

One must view the Oregon primary (May 28), which can

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be a boost or a blow for Presidential candidates, against this background. In the last fourteen Presidential primaries, Oregon Democrats picked the eventual candidate eleven times and Republicans eight. This record scarcely makes the state an infallible political barometer, but with the advent of television and the creation of what has been called the "mini-industry" of campaign news coverage, national attention is focused on the Oregon primary, probably out of proportion to its intrinsic importance, and yet with appreciable effect on candidate momentum. In 1964, Henry Cabot Lodge's aspirations died when he lost to Rockefeller in Oregon and the latter's prospects seemed to soar until, two weeks later, he lost to Goldwater in California.

This year, there are two active campaigners among the Democrats, Senators Kennedy and McCarthy, and the name of Lyndon B. Johnson is still on the ballot. Hubert Humphrey also appears on the ballot, but in the Vice Presidential slot. Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan appear on the Republican ticket, but the latter has not campaigned personally in the state.

The sudden elimination of LBJ threw most of the Democratic Party leaders into confusion. Senator Morse, though a dove, has refused to endorse either McCarthy or Kennedy, and in fact keeps reminding his constituency that he is a close friend of Johnson. On May 9, the AFL-CIO executive board in Oregon endorsed Humphrey, following pleas from George Meany that labor should support neither Kennedy nor McCarthy. George Brown, educational director of the Oregon AFL-CIO legislative and political arm, declared that "most labor leaders here in Oregon, like those around the nation, still remember Kennedy's distasteful activities in the state as chief counsel to the anti-labor Rackets Committee in the 1950s. The Oregon probe was blown up completely out of proportion and Kennedy was going around calling us the 'crime capital of the nation.' Oregon leaders just can't trust the man."

Many adherents of LBJ, among them Norman Stoll, Democratic national committeeman, and state Sen. Ross Morgan, co-chairman of the Oregon Citizens for Humphrey Committee, are also actively campaigning against both McCarthy and Kennedy. Morgan, supposedly a liberal, says: "The most effective way to block the 'siren songs' of Sens. Eugene McCarthy and Robert F. Kennedy is to vote for the President, whose name remains on the ballot." A write-in for Humphrey in the Presidential box, he adds, would not be as effective, nor would a vote for McCarthy in the hope of stopping Kennedy. The word is out to party stalwarts that LBJ is determined at all costs to stop Kennedy.

Edith Green, who was an original booster of John Kennedy, is the most important Democrat to have joined Robert Kennedy's forces. Mrs. Green wields a certain amount of influence, and her friendship with politically generous Jewish businessmen guarantees ardent workers and effective financial support for Kennedy in the state. It does not necessarily promise many votes, since the Jewish community is small. No prominent Democrat has as yet endorsed McCarthy, but he is rapidly gaining adherents among intellectuals, educators and many liberal Republicans who, after Rockefeller dropped out the first time around, switched their registration to vote for the Senator.

Kennedy has been the most active campaigner in the state, using his now familiar technique: a two- or three-day blitz in concentrated areas, accompanied by a tremendous entourage of press agents, speech writers, photographers, relatives and other followers. Advance men make sure there will be crowds at the airports, shopping centers, factories and schools on the itinerary. Signs galore are carried by screeching high school and college students, and plenty of excitement is generated as the cavalcade moves from town to town. Kennedy, still looking like a college student himself, makes numerous speeches, mostly impromptu, and relies on such platitudes as "We must be used to seek peace with justice, to secure peace without fear"; "no government can sustain international law and order unless it can do so at home." He constantly repeats the slogan, "We must turn the country around."

Another Kennedy refrain is: "I enter this campaign because I believe the nation is divided. Young people are divided by older people; and black people by white people, and the nation is divided by war 10,000 miles away." And "The death or maiming of many a young man in the swamps of Vietnam—this is indecent. So is poverty . . . and unemployment." Sometimes he is more specific. In March he told Oregonions: "We must seek a more balanced and normal relationship with the Soviet Union. We

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must recommit ourselves to the concept of the United Nations. We must do everything in our power to halt the arms race. We must reappraise the danger of China, accepting the need for that gigantic nation to take a more normal part in the international community." He has called for bringing the Vietcong into the government of South Vietnam, as has McCarthy.

The state is being deluged with Kennedy literature, and seemingly every registered voter is being reached by phone, if he has a phone. Kennedy admits spending more than $600,000 in Indiana; he will probably exceed that figure in Oregon. He has gone out of his way to attract the Negroes in Portland, but on the whole his campaign seems to have interested mostly younger people.

Up to the middle of May, McCarthy had campaigned but little in the state. His method is in striking contrast to that of Kennedy. He travels without much of a company and keeps his family in the background, except for his daughter Mary. Tall, dignified, graying, he not only looks like a professor but talks like one, displaying a wit that Kennedy seems to lack. One feels that he is sound and stable, and he appeals to mature as well as younger Americans. To Oregonians he is practically a stranger, but they are becoming acquainted with him through the news media. Most of his campaign workers are college students.

McCarthy made a good impression on May 10 when he spoke before the City Club of Portland, probably the most important group he had addressed up to that time. Speaking on inflation and the force of the dollar in foreign affairs, he called for a re-evaluation of our foreign commitments and a coalition government in Vietnam. He advocated a less personalized approach to the Presidency, scoring LBJ for constantly speaking of "My Congress, my White House, and even my Vice President," and expressing polite contempt for Secretary Rusk. His impromptu wit appealed to this hardheaded audience. He has also spoken to labor and college audiences and seems to wear well.

Since Oregonians usually tend to vote more for the man than for his program, one feels that McCarthy would beat Kennedy in the primary if there were time enough for him to be properly introduced to the voters. Harold Hughes, the astute political writer for the *Portland Oregonian*, probably sized up the campaign accurately when he wrote: "A victory for McCarthy in Oregon could be the edge for victory in California, a success that would smash the Kennedy drive and make certain the nomination of Hubert Humphrey on the first ballot in Chicago. The opposite could happen, too. A Kennedy Oregon victory, if big, could set the cadence for California, maybe ending all serious talk of Eugene McCarthy." McCarthy seems confident of ultimate victory, and tells his audience he is the front runner. Kennedy, in contrast, iterates to every audience, "I need your help," meaning he will have a hard fight for the nomination.

Summing up the Democratic primary in mid-May, it seems that Kennedy is ahead and may well carry the state by a sizable margin; no polls have been published. LBJ's name on the ticket will certainly take votes from Kennedy and increase McCarthy's chances.

The Republican primary in Oregon is lacking in color

or interest since Rockefeller, who is very popular in the state, took his name off the ballot. Nixon has campaigned considerably in person and by paid TV commercials, and his organization is papering the state with literature and billboards, exclaiming "Nixon's the One." Reflecting the conservative trend of Oregon Republicanism in 1968, the Nixon camp is led by prominent Goldwaterites with a sprinkling of John Birchers. Former Secretary of State Howell Appling, Jr., is chairman of the campaign committee, assisted by a large group of state legislators, bankers, the rabid conservative industrialist Ernest Swigert, and the like.

The re-emergence of Rockefeller as an active candidate jolted Mr. Appling, who lost his aplomb and exclaimed: "Now that the entry date for all the primaries is for him conveniently past, I'm not sure whether his recent posture is that of a draft dodger, a conscientious objector or a plain 4F." Such nasty remarks are not designed to improve the image of the former Vice President. Were Rockefeller on the ballot, he would probably defeat Nixon.

Supporters of Governor Reagan saw the entry of Rockefeller as evidence that Nixon cannot win the nomination. Don Hodel, spokesman for the Reagan forces in Oregon, said: "Because Nixon's campaign nationally has failed to catch fire, apparently Rockefeller backers concluded that Nixon is slipping." This sentiment was echoed by Robert Hazen, chairman of the Reagan campaign, which incidentally is said to be financed to the tune of some $300,000.

The effort of Wayne Morse to win a fifth term in the Senate almost eclipses the Presidential primary. Morse is not only an astute politician but an extremely lucky one. In his twenty-four years in the Senate he has been a Re-

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publican, an Independent and, in recent years, a Democrat. The truth is that he is not a party man at all, but one who goes his own way, taking strong positions, and standing or falling by them. His enormous gifts as an orator and lawyer have not resulted in great statesmanship nor any impressive legislative achievements. A deep streak of egotism and vindictiveness, verging on pettiness, are flaws in his character which have alienated many Senatorial colleagues, and prevented the kind of teamwork which liberals like George Norris and the elder La-Follette employed to gain legislative ends. Morse's contributions have been mostly in raising issues like the immorality of the Vietnamese War and the unfairness of the Taft-Hartley Act. Morse is passionately hated, as by the *Portland Oregonian,* or passionately defended, as by many a plain citizen. It is doubtful that such an individualist could have been successful politically in any state but Oregon, where he has been able to rely upon a large bloc of independent voters.

Last year, when he began to campaign for re-election as a dove. Morse's chances were dimmed by the candidacy of former Rep. Robert Duncan, a hawkish follower of the Administration, who had almost defeated Mark Hatfield for the Senate in 1966. Duncan's chief support comes from certain labor unions who hate Morse and from Administration followers. Since the withdrawal of LBJ from the race and the subsidence of the Administration's war fever, Duncan has changed his tune, and it is hard now to say how he differs from Morse on that crucial issue.

The main resentment against Morse is that he is something of a carpetbagger, living on a farm in Maryland and only nominally a resident of Oregon, his adopted state. His visits are infrequent until it is time to campaign again and then his followers see a great deal of him. He has been a failure as a sponsor of natural resource measures that would help Oregon, such as the Dunes National Seashore bill, a pet project of the Neubergers, which passed the House and would have passed the Senate if Morse had not blocked it because he objected to the condemnation clause such bills always carry.

Starting out as an underdog in early 1968, Morse now has a comfortable lead alleged by Duncan to run into seven figures. Senate seniority would make him chairman of the Labor Committee if re-elected, and this has brought him much union money. He has put his record into a 135-page book that makes many Oregonians chuckle—the claims recall Paul Bunyan. Much to the dismay of the many Morse haters, he will probably win both the primary and the election with ease. As in his last three campaigns, he will run against a Republican straw man.

AMERICA REVISITED

THE LONELY FRONTIER OF REASON

MICHEL CROZIER

Mr. Crozier teaches sociology at the University of Paris (Nanterre). He has visited the United States many times, notably as a fellow of the Center for Advanced Studies in the Behavioral Sciences (1959-60) and as visiting professor at Harvard in 1964 and 1967. His most recent book is The Bureaucratic Phenomenon *(University of Chicago Press).*

America has changed. I almost do not recognize my old America. Of course, the successive generations of downtown skyscrapers are still there, and the shaded campuses and the marvelous choice of houses at $15,000, $20,000, $50,000 and $100,000. The friendly smile, good will and clear conscience still welcome you; indeed one is tempted to say that they are more evident than before and that they will continue to grow with the steady growth of the Gross National Product. But if the backdrop of buildings and faces, trees and smiles, remains the same, something more subtle, and perhaps deeper, must have changed. One cannot otherwise explain the uneasiness that assails the returning visitor, and the new excitement that this time affects the spirit, the way life is lived. It amounts to a metaphysical change.

One naturally thinks first of the political climate, of the moral fever agitating the youth and troubling the nation over the war in Vietnam, and one is struck by its familiar European character. A French visitor in particular, who has lived through the Algerian War, is impressed by the extraordinary parallel; the postures assumed, the rationalizations, the arguments on both sides, the logic and even the tone are similar. Once again, one finds intellectuals, professors and students urging one another on, while the more conventional indict the eggheads. The same unexpected realignments occur in this new moment of truth, the same rapid disillusionment with the Establishment, the same lies, the same gap between public discussion and private conversation, the same demoralization, the same moral perturbation, the same refusal to face reality, even the same swift soul-searching, unexpected in a youth considered apolitical, but which shows again the naive illusions in youth's sudden discovery of justice as a cause.

But if one dirty war resembles another, and if the interplay of politics and morality is so similar in America and in France, those who speak of the radicalization or the Europeanization of the United States tend to forget how temporary these manifestations may be. And we French should know how effectively and speedily a country can wipe out all trace of the conflicts that have torn it apart.

Of course, the Negro revolt is a permanent phenomenon. The movement grows and its momentum increases; an unprecedented violence erupts, and the international brotherhood of the victims of American power is tied in with it.

All this is true, but one must not draw hasty inferences: America has never experienced a successful revolution

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(the rebels lost the Civil War, and the War of Independence is a revolution only in name) but it has always been a nation characterized by crisis and violence. Of all the Western nations, with the possible exception of Spain, it has had the most bloody past. Its many wars aside, riots of the unemployed, battles between strikers and police, witch hunts and anarchist attacks stand out in the history of a nation whose conformity has always remained on the surface.

The current explosions—a traditional form of protest—do not strike me as new in America; nor do the appearance of numerous militant groups, or the new romantic effort to relate the class struggle (in the European sense) to the oppressed people of the Third World. Such efforts are made, in vain, whenever America suffers a crisis. What does strike me as new is the revolt of the individual against the system. It is a revolt primarily psychological, found as much in the Negro uprising as in the struggle of the students and of the young in general, tangentially involved in political action but radically different. This personal war, expressed through drugs, the repudiation of the American way of life and the embrace of psychedelia and the occult, attracts and fascinates the entire intellectual world.

Although we have in Europe numerous equivalents and imitations of this movement, it assumes in the United States a special character of contentiousness, of total challenge, unprecedented in brutality and radicalism. Every era has had its Bohemians, but compared to this new American Bohemianism, the surrealism of the prewar years and the Saint-Germain-des-Prés attitudes of the postwar years seem like mere gatherings of earnest young people looking for new ways to sow their wild oats.

That suddenly this minority attitude, this marginal behavior, whose value of course derives from its marginality, should arouse the whole of American youth testifies to a profound change, in my opinion. This time, it is the system that is being challenged.

It may seem surprising that I minimize the great social movement of the Negro revolt and devote so much attention to the always transitory state of student agitation, so let me make my point clear. I do not expect the students to undertake revolution or even to threaten the established order. As I see it, their agitation does not even signify that the system is sick but rather that it is in the process of profound change. What one can perceive behind a temporary crisis such as Vietnam, and a chronic crisis like that of the emancipation of Negroes, is the reaction of the young to a mutation of society that affects them far more than it does their seniors who are protected by their positions in the vast and relatively static economic and social system.

If the system is under fire, it is not so much because new forces assault it as because changes already occurring in it disturb individuals and groups to the point that those most affected are stimulated to make the challenge.

But why America? Why should the American system change? At first sight the very idea may be strange, but aren't we in Europe far too ready to see the American system as permanent? Promised Land or air-conditioned hell, America is always our principal standard of reference—to confirm our fears, or our hopes and expectations. For the security of our rationalizations we require that America should remain faithful to itself.

Contemporary America has in fact stagnated for some time, although it steadily produced more gadgets, and some people wondered whether quantitative accumulation would not eventually produce qualitative difference. But the climate of the Eisenhower era gave ample support to the judgment of European intellectuals like Sartre that America was definitively overburdened, dormant or sleepwalking amid prosperity. Such observers failed to understand why America marked time. Relations between the growth of an economy and the creative activity of a society are not the same when the economy is at an unprecedented peak of development as they are when a lag in the economy prompts the society to offer tangible models and new objectives.

It was natural for America to be conservative, to have lost confidence in its creative ability, to seek refuge in a ponderous moral complacency, showing beneath its hypocrisy an inferiority complex toward communism and even toward Europe. But such a period of suspension could only be temporary. The conditions necessary for a fresh start were present, but it has been delayed because the new growth could not follow the old path of simple accumulation, the linear development of material and moral investments. It required the transformation of the rules of the game, of methods of action, of objectives, a new industrial revolution—or rather, one should say with Daniel Bell, post-industrial revolution, since progress for some time now has not centered upon industrial production.

Contrary to the hasty opinions of Europeans—naive materialists—this delay was to be fruitful. During the somnolent period of traditional prosperity, affluence permitted research and experimentation. Little by little, the machine that invents the future was put back into commission, and since then what most strikes the visitor is no longer the complacent and conservative prosperity of the United States but its aggressive confidence in human reason and in the capacity of America to solve all problems by its use.

There has perhaps never before been such arrogant pride in the powers of reason, but let us not be too quick with our ridicule. One can criticize the excesses of this self-assurance but it is justified by results. Never before has the world seen such an extraordinary capacity to mobilize resources and put them to work. In Europe, we often value this capacity rather lightly. We certainly fear the power of the great American corporations, but we do not appreciate the considerable intellectual capacity of these mastodons, which constitutes their essential superiority. Of course, a substantial majority of American businesses and institutions are still dominated by the traditional conformism of free enterprise and the false democracy of the friendly smile, but success has for a long time eluded these traditionalists. The successful manager of the sixties is even further removed from the great industrial organizers of the twenties than were the latter from the Vanderbilts, Carnegies or Rockefellers of the Gilded

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Age. Their assets lie neither in their resources, nor in their financial contacts, nor in their abilities as leaders of men or of empires but in their rigorous capacity to calculate the adjustment of means to ends.

Some will ask what is new in the situation. Have not economists often so defined the role of the entrepreneur? But it used to be thought that the effective manipulation of means and ends was a simple matter, involving only problems of individual character. Modern America has discovered the extraordinary complexity of the problem, technological, psychological and ultimately organizational, and has created instruments to develop rationality of action at its focal points.

The practical successes of the science of decision making are by now conclusively proven. Upon them rests the new surge of American confidence, which on the political level has completely upset the relations between the United States and the Communist world. The consequences are many; one is that the business world is in flux. Of course, the giants continue to grow; they benefit from the progress they helped to develop. However, they no longer constitute the leading wing of economic thought. This role has been assumed by spectacularly effective new firms which directly or indirectly sell this decision-making capacity. Some specialize in the revamping of businesses that have lost their profit-making capacities. Others are pioneers in new relations of business with big science, with the government and with the universities, not only tc earn their administrative fees but to exploit the advantages of the new kind of analysis in areas formerly unexplored. Government, education and health, areas hitherto paralyzed by bureaucratic inefficiency, will become more and more the preferred grounds of this new revolution.

Robert McNamara is absolutely characteristic of the new spirit. A man of action whose essential capacity is his intellectual ability, he was responsible for the reorganization of the Ford empire, succeeding in his undertaking without bothering to learn how cars are made or how a factory operates. His spectacular reorganization of the Department of Defense was the work of a civilian who will never grasp military doctrines, but who is able to measure the efficiency of systems within which the arbitrary demands of the generals must be accommodated. The Vietnam folly, into which the whole machine has been dragged, should not prevent us from seeing the value of the perfected instrument. The extension of the Planning Programing Budgeting System to all American Government agencies, ordered by the President last March, is an example of the speedy spread of McNamara's administrative methods.

This wave of rational decision making which linked the actions of intellectuals to those of administrators, all in step and proclaiming the same faith (sometimes aggressively, but usually modestly), this belief in the omnipotence of reason, is in sharp contrast to the existential anguish of the young hippies and the Negro revolt. But the two movements are the opposite faces of America's transformation, of its passage as it were, to a new form of society.

We Europeans have a poor understanding of this split (when we notice it) because we are still blinded by the Marxist or para-Marxist schematic analysis. We have a picture of America being strangled, if not by big business then by large bureaucratic organizations, and paying for its comforts and material progress with an alienation in conformity; an America on the way toward a "brave new world" dominated by technocrats.

In this connection nothing could be more misleading than the opinions in William Whyte, Jr.'s book, *The Organization Man,* which reflects our European myths. The experience of the last decade has been convincing: never have men of action in America been less conformist. The intellectual climate of the team surrounding President Kennedy was a vivid example in the area of politics; but the world of science, the universities, intellectuals and a segment of the business world had already experienced this new surge. It is Europe that now seems overwhelmed by the burden of old loyalties and organizational mistrust. It is Europe that most suffers from the timidity of "Organization Men." Compared to these, America seems to be populated by irreverent and innovating Young Turks.

The image of America tomorrow, the America which attracts the hopes of new generations, is not that of tenacious and sententious administrators emerging from labyrinths of tests but of the young ultra-brilliant scientist capable of categorically opposing his superior and, if the latter refuses to give way, finding the next day the capital necessary to carry out his idea by founding a rival company. It is still a myth, of course, but a myth beginning to come true.

The real cost of rational progress, therefore, is not at all alienation through bureaucratic regimentation, the loss of individuality. It would seem to me quite the contrary. The cost has to be sought in the growth of individuality itself, in the ever-increasing burden that comes from freedom of choice.

The cross carried by the American male of the *nouvelle vague* is not his submission to the large organizations (the latter having become increasingly flexible and tolerant); it is his submission to rationalism itself, the manipulation of himself by himself to which he finds himself condemned if he wants to succeed. Under the burning sun of a cost-utility system, there is no more excuse for failure; there is no longer a bureaucratic alibi, no protective niche, no privilege or handicap that is convincing either to those who benefit from the system or to those who suffer from it.

Certainly, even the most progressive sectors in America are far from achieving such objectives, but the considerable advances being made in this direction are sufficient to create profound moral turmoil, to give rise to violent conflicts and to a challenge of the traditional balance in the American way of life.

Naturally, the field of education is most profoundly affected because the essential condition for survival in the new hyper-rationalist world, in preparation for which training is indispensable, will depend more and more on a capacity for abstract reasoning, and to that the schools hold the key. Herein lies one of the aspects of the Negro problem which is least understood in Europe. If violence and despair are so prevalent in the colored minority pre-

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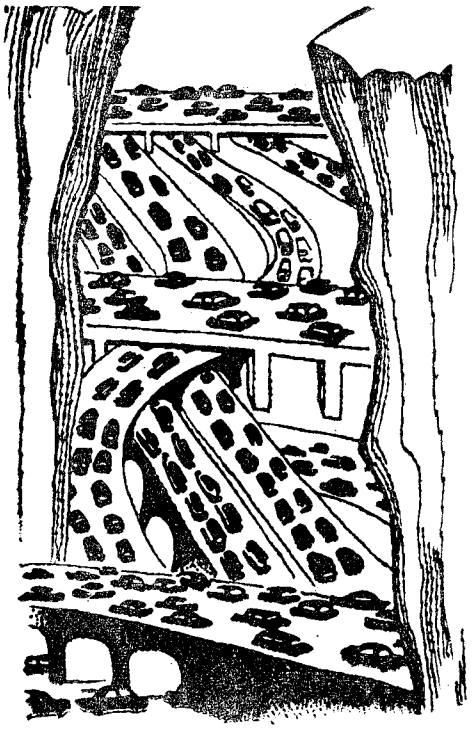


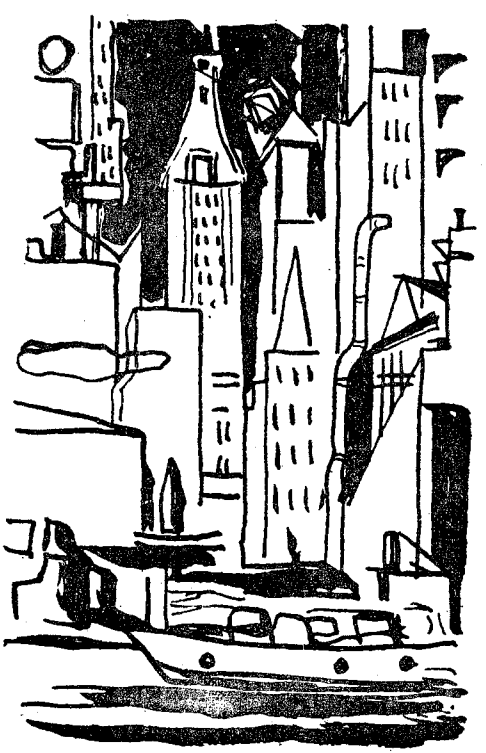
cisely at the moment when its political progress appears to be greatest, it is only an example of the well-known rule that the oppressed do not revolt when they are most exploited, but when the liberalism of the oppressors allows them to begin to assert themselves. Nor is it only a result of the contagion of the international revolutionary agitation in the Third World. The fact is that American Negroes find their gains to be valueless. The civil equality that permitted all the ethnic minorities to take their part in the game has proved to be of little value to the Negroes. The passport finally granted does not open the door because it is no longer possible to make good through mere numbers, through the vote or through manual labor, but only through the ability to play the game of modern calculation. And in that area the Negro is still fundamentally disadvantaged. The more rational the society becomes, the more he loses his foothold. His emancipation is of no use to him, because he is much less competitive in today's society than he was in the traditional industrial society. His relative situation tends to become worse and, in order for this to change, the Negro community would have to transform completely its mores and values. Only the extremist movements such as the Black Muslims have openly declared that goal, but the blind hostility of white society permits Negroes to assert themselves in no way but through terrorism, and automatically abandons thousands of young Northern Negroes to the chaos of delinquency, drugs and political blackmail.

Cultural advancement cannot be gained through blind violence, education cannot be won by threat; and, for lack of realistic objectives, the Negro revolt tends to become neurotic. Increasingly it can assert itself only in terms of pure protest, and by appeals to catastrophe. But its apocalyptic aura should not hide the basic facts; their problem stems from the intellectual change, not from a will to seize power.

At this point the existential anguish of the students, though quite different, resembles the Negro revolt. Both include an element, metaphysical in nature, of pure revolt. More than others in American society, students are fascinated by the system through which they expect to benefit, and which provides their best weapon against their elders, still caught in a less rational past. At the same time it frightens them, for it already weighs heavily on them and they sense that they will pay dearly for the inheritance. It is they who must be the rational men in the demystified world of tomorrow. And this rationalism, which they absorb directly or indirectly in those intellectual hothouses that the great universities have become, offers them neither respite, nor any secret corner, nor even the possibility of recrimination or contempt (as in France).

Thus one understands the compelling attraction of anything that might play the role of an anti-system, in particular the lure of those marginal communities that now flourish in the great cities, communities dedicated to the cult of passivity and drugs, to living in happy abandon, to the refusal to shoulder the burden of calculation and responsibility. It is a life that ultimately rejects all decision making.

Surrounding these communities, and influenced by them, hippie fashions spread to all the campuses. The informal and unorganized, but very effective networks that have been formed make it possible to spread the great game of strikes, sit-downs and the derision of traditional institutions from one end of America to another. The struggle is public and profoundly affects an entire generation. Never before have young Americans so openly discussed the workings of their system. In order to appreciate the intensity of the debate, one should witness, as I did, the passionate confrontation between Timothy Leary, the prophet of LSD, and one of the better repre-



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sentatives of the rationalist psychology. In France, one would expect that the anguish of being obliged to face an excessively clear world of rational decision making could be relieved through intellectual fashions, such as structuralism or the new novel. In America, it affects the self more deeply, and is expressed in the individual search for abandon, in the arrangement of one's life into an immense happening for which no one is responsible—a system of signals with no one pressing the controls.

Where is America going? It would be absurd to oppose the two tendencies and ask which of them will triumph. Decision makers and long-haired hippies do not confront each other on the same level, and their relations are as much interdependent as they are incompatible. The problem is better stated by asking what kind of balance and new dialectic America will evolve.

The extraordinary development of rational calculation appears irresistible, but it is limited by the tension it creates in the individual who feels himself incapable of directly coping with all the consequences of his own actions. The result is an ever-increasing number of pointless revolts and the development of new experiments in life styles of radical opposition. But these setbacks suffered by the proliferating system are somewhat ambiguous, for they also affect the old society, which used to constitute the best protection against the coming system. Moreover, the research and experiments undertaken in the cause of resistance to rationality can also be considered indirect, though by no means valueless, approaches to a rational exploration of human possibilities. Remember that LSD was first and still remains an instrument of scientific experimentation. The Herman Kahn school of futurists is already seriously discussing the possibility that man may completely control his emotions and his sense perception.

Nowhere can this ambiguity be more clearly seen than in the extraordinary success of the books of Marshall McLuhan, who has become in the past two years an intellectual hero of the modern age—first, for the wide student public, and then for the public at large. Prophet of the electronic universe, of television and of the happening, McLuhan announces the development of a new, synthetic tribal culture, to which we have access through the mass media and modern science. At the same time he signals the doom of analytical man, that limited product of the printed word and the linear and sequential reasoning it imposes. McLuhan almost puts science itself on the side of the hippies, though McLuhan's science must still remain intellectual and therefore for all its inconsistencies still chained to rationality. Consisting of flashing intuitions and comparisons that are at once preposterous, irritating and redundant, this highly controversial approach, thanks to the admirable tolerance of the American university, is already invading the doctoral theses of the most serious students.

But such a success naturally remains more literary than scientific. Although the young American may dream with McLuhan of synthetic global communication, of short circuits which would permit him to escape the rational process, it is still a fact that he has never before read so many books or applied himself so thoroughly to the analytical disciplines. Through the study of systems, to be sure, he discovers further interlocking complexities, but he does not lose in them the identity that weighs him down. Furthermore, McLuhan's intuitions, if they prevail, will probably turn out to be new tools for integrating the logic of the new media into an all-powerful rationalism.

And yet the conflict remains, and will remain, between the rational and the spontaneous, the community and the individual, the desire for freedom and the fear of responsibility. There are no solutions to these dilemmas. An individual can join a marginal group, but there is no such thing as an artificial paradise where a society can take refuge. Perhaps, in order to carry the debate further, Americans will have to abandon this insoluble riddle and re-examine, through their institutions, the minimal degree of anarchy, confusion and inefficiency which must be tolerated if the participants are to withstand the rigors of the new rationality.

GHETTO SCHOOLS? CLOSE 'EM!

NEIL V. SULLIVAN

Mr. Sullivan is superintendent of the Berkeley Unified School District. His previous experience as an educator includes reopening the public schools of Prince Edward County, Va., under directions from then Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy, when they had been closed for several years to avoid integration.

Berkeley

What shall we do about the ghetto schools that lock our minority children into anger and despair? Close them, I say. Close them and make them over, from teachers to paint job. Shake them up, turn them inside out, change the teachers, change the children. Then open them again as new institutions.

When I say this, almost everybody jumps. "You can't!" they say flatly. All but a few, so far, have responded like that. But one who responds positively is a top-flight teacher in a small city down the coast. She has been an elementary teacher, then a remedial reading specialist, and now heads a center where all tutoring and volunteer projects are concentrated. She has taught in city ghettos, in suburbs and small cities.

"That's it," she said to me over the phone, then came up to my office to talk about it. Now let me try this "close the ghetto schools" idea out on the broad public.

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I am deadly serious. I know the ghetto schools. I attended them as the son of an Irish immigrant. As teacher and administrator and consultant, I've rubbed my nose in their squalor. I see them when I visit our inner cities —old, some of them going back 100 years and more: grimy and odorous; bleak, dank, dark and dismal; teachers more frustrated even than the children—teachers ashamed of their jobs and rushing out of the ghetto when the last bell rings; prisons that it would take Dickens to describe.

Close these prisons, I say. Close them right now and during this coming hot summer and bring them, their teachers and their children back to life and hope. Clean them, let in the light and air, paint the walls bright, make over the playgrounds, plant some trees—make them livable. Let's call it a transfusion, with 80 per cent new blood.

That is only the beginning. While they're closed, retrain the teachers and make *them* over. Or, let us say, bring them up to their potential, to being committed people and proud professionals. Send the "child haters," as my supportive teacher describes them, to the suburbs where they can't hurt anybody in those routine, well-financed, secure establishments. I would temper her description a bit and say, send out those teachers who don't want to join the venture, who don't want to emerge from their rigidity or prejudice, or for whom—whether they're young or old—the possibility of change comes too late.

Select a committed group who deeply *want* to stay or to come into the ghetto, who want to help children grow and change. Recruit others. Bend the credentials for those you know are good, as we did in Prince Edward County, Va., when we opened the Free Schools for Negro children deprived of education for three years by the whites' refusal to integrate.

Bring in all the best modern methods and materials. Train and retrain them for this immediate task by experts drawn not only from universities but also from business and industry, from the Job Corps. Let the "know-how" teachers train the others.

Now, as to the details. The program of human and equipment renovation will be set up on a twelve-month-a-year basis for teachers and children, with a few brief vacations at intervals. Teachers will be paid accordingly. Approximately half the children will attend at one time for one semester—first, kindergarten through 3, then grades 4 through 6. Enough plants to house them will, of course, stay open. Meanwhile, the closed buildings will be refurbished and humanized. All playgrounds, except those being enhanced by redesigning, renovated and enriched by equipment, will stay open. Retraining will be conducted in one building and with pilot groups of children.

Now here come the questions from the nonbelievers. First, they ask me, "What will the children do when they're not in school?" *And,* "What will their parents do with them?" The children will go on field trips, and don't laugh that off. These field trips will be intensively organized, financed, and conducted by professionals from universities, public agencies ranging from the city recreation departments to the U.S. Department of Agriculture, business and industry. They will be manned by many volunteers, including parents. The children will meet at one of the schools left open.

Trips will range from the usual zoo or bird sanctuary to factories. They could include visits to the U.S. Congress or the state legislature. The children will be tourists "in depth." Some of the ghetto playgrounds will remain open, while others are remodeled, and trained volunteers will be in charge.

If we can't have a field trip every day, which I'm sure we could, the parents will be "stuck with" their kids a few days a week. They'll have a chance to get acquainted with them. If it happens that the kids are on the streets some of the time, the streets—at the moment—are better than the ghetto schools. For working mothers with preschool children at home, we can provide baby sitters or better, child care centers. Parents would not be led into this program blindly. We would announce and discuss the carefully made plan. We would guide them to understanding, consensus and cooperation.

The children, after one semester out, will return not only to brightened-up teachers but to brightened-up classrooms and playgrounds. "Look what they did for us," they will exclaim. This alone will give them a fresh start.

Then comes the next question: "How will the kids catch up on what they've lost during the semester out?" Two answers: They have lost only academic learning. The "super" field trips will have given them another kind of education, out in the major world—a world many of them have never seen. The other answer: On their return, their learning will be accelerated through the kind of instruction the teachers will have been trained to give.

I offer as a model the Free Schools of Prince Edward County, which I organized and directed, where Negro children caught up—in one year—on subjects they hadn't touched or thought of for four years. I can also give as a model some of the methods we are using in Berkeley's Negro ghetto as we approach the end of the ghetto school through "Desegregation 1968." [See "The City That Went to School" by Ray and Betty Halpern, *The Nation,* May 13.] After use of the Columbus (School) Reading Program, recent tests found almost twice as many first graders achieving above-grade level in 1967 as did so the year before.

Next: "How *can* you close the schools within state and federal law?" Was it legal, I answer, for the white population of Prince Edward County to close the schools against the Negro children? Was it not legal for me to open them under the direction of then Attorney General Kennedy as he enforced the Supreme Court edict of 1954?

And finally, "Where will you get the money?" I can answer with President Johnson, "We are rich enough." I shall add to his quote, "We must be rich enough." I have no budget for my "close the ghetto schools" plan, but I know that a huge amount of funds would not be necessary. The cost of experts, some of which would be shouldered by universities, business and industry, the cost of

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three months more on the teaching schedule, the cost of refurbishing, would be immeasurably less than the cost of remodeling a whole inner city which, of course, must be done but can't be done now and can't be done quickly; immeasurably less than the riots and holocausts of our hot summers. We can get the money—federal, state, business and industry, foundations.

I say we have no choice. Something must be done *now*, before it is too late. All who read know what is happening to our inner cities. To their current burgeoning population of Negroes, Puerto Ricans, Mexican Americans, there is now being added a tremendous inpouring of Negro and white agricultural workers, always impoverished and now unemployed by mechanized farming. As the whites flee the inner city for the suburbs, these citizens pour in. What will we do for their children, along with all the others in the ghetto chaos?

Nothing short of a revolutionary effort must be made, and made at once. We should not heed the gun at our heads, but the gun *is* at our heads. I can never forget the Negro mothers in the Detroit ghetto who told me that their children, raised and schooled in that Northern city, are worse off, less educated, more entrapped, than they themselves had been as children in the rural South. Can we be satisfied with that condition?

Nor can I forget what Oscar Lewis said in a recent dialogue with Sen. Robert Kennedy, printed in *Redbook*. He said, regarding the Puerto Rican family he has studied for his book *La Vida*, that the family branch living on $7,000 a year was as ghetto-bound as its relatives subsisting on $3,000; that both had the same ghetto "bind" —the concept of being "non-people," "non-citizens," "non-accepted." (The quotes are mine.)

Finally, the doubters say to me: "But you're for integration. You're for busing kids into mixed schools. You're for educational parks. Now you say rev up the ghetto schools."

That's all true. I'm for integration, as everybody in Berkeley, and wherever else I speak, knows well. I'm for busing children into desegregated schools. Berkeley, whose school population is 41 per cent Negro, will be busing approximately 4,000 Negro and white elementary children in September, 1968, and, with desegregation already in effect in our secondary schools, we shall then have total desegregation. But Desegregation 1968 has taken fourteen years to accomplish in Berkeley, population 120,000: ten years to bring about desegregation of the secondary schools, four more to achieve it at the elementary level. Any city the size of Berkeley can do the same, and we give the Berkeley plan as a model.

I want educational parks to be built, but I think it will take ten to twenty years and massive money to transform the blueprints into buildings.

America can't wait all those years; we must act now. We can desegregate children's minds, while we wait to desegregate and free them physically from the ghetto trap. There are two ways to get children out of the ghetto—one is physically, the other psychologically. It is futile to think we can bring them physically out of the sprawling ghettos *now*. Psychologically, we can do so.

Through the revolutionized ghetto schools I have here envisioned, we can bring the children out of that ghetto "bind," the feeling that, no matter what, they can never belong to the major world.

We can change children. We can give them that better "self-image" we talk so much about. We can give them that "sense of control of their destiny" that will rid them of ghetto despair and alienation. Teachers can give them the tools of learning to break down the bars.

They will still go back to their ghetto homes but they will never truly go home again.

AID AND 'SQUEEZE' IN ASIA

FRANCES L. STARNER
Miss Starner is the author of Magsaysay and the Philippine Peasantry *and is completing a study of regional alignment in Southeast Asia. She is an associate professor of political science at the University of North Carolina at Charlotte.*

A well-known correspondent in Southeast Asia tells of going, by appointment, to see the Prime Minister of Indonesia a few years ago and receiving a broad hint from the appointments secretary that he pay the latter to admit him. The correspondent refused and was not let in. Later, when he did get to see the Prime Minister, he protested about the earlier bribery attempt. The Prime Minister shrugged his shoulders and said, "The man has to live."

An official of Singapore—a state which does not tolerate bureaucratic corruption—tells of his country's experience in opening an embassy in a neighboring country. A third country, willing to pay exorbitant sums to "expedite" the process, had its telephone system installed promptly, but Singapore waited three or four months, because of its stand on graft.

A few years ago in the Philippines, Harry Stonehill became a millionaire many times over with equipment and raw materials either smuggled in with the connivance of customs officials or imported on licenses purchased with bribes. Stonehill reportedly boasted that there was no one in the Philippine Government he couldn't buy, but clearly he was either wrong or had overlooked an outstretched palm: one Sunday morning in March, 1962, he found himself in jail, with his bank accounts frozen and his files and records—literally truckloads of them—impounded by the Department of Justice. On the other hand, the key witness against him disappeared into the Sulu Seas a month or two later, apparently while fleeing the country. Shortly after that, Stonehill and his chief associates were abruptly expelled from the country.

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Not all corruption in Southeast Asia involves officials that close to government. On a third-class train traversing central Java, a railroad policeman stops and probes the assorted bundles of a passenger. The man leaves his seat and returns with a number of bills which he hands over silently to the officer. Passengers nearby exchange knowing looks; the policeman moves on down the aisle. At Tan Son Nhut airport outside Saigon, a businessman from Okinawa hands his passport to a customs official with a couple of bills tucked inside, and his bags are passed without examination. Later he confides that Air Vietnam had insisted there was no space available on the plane to Bangkok until he paid the clerk an extra 1,200 piasters. Aboard the plane, approximately one-third of the seats are unoccupied.

A Western scholar in Kuala Lumpur—where today a new anti-corruption agency occupies an entire government building in the center of the city—argues that the pervasiveness of corruption can be gauged more accurately from the paltriness of "collections" than it can from the large sums sometimes involved. And he cites as an example a petty trader who delivers kerosene by pushcart to stall holders in the Malaysian capital and who pays off the policeman who comes around each week with 20c Malay, or the equivalent of 6.7c U.S.!

Every Westerner who has spent much time in Southeast Asia has a similar collection of stories of corruption, high and low. Taken together, they add up to a picture of an officialdom which subsists—and in a number of instances thrives—on payments it receives from citizens and from foreigners who are forced to do business, however peripherally, with government.

The subject of corruption in the developing countries has received much attention in recent years, both from Western officials and from the international press. The American interest derives, in large part, from the evidence that substantial amounts of foreign aid have been diverted to elevate the style of living of Asian officials, and have not served the objectives or reached the people intended.

American aid officials have reason, for example, to be sensitive about the case of Marshal Sarit Thanarat of Thailand. As a member of SEATO and the so-called Free World, Sarit's government was the recipient of very considerable assistance in the years from the time he came to power in 1958 until his death in 1963; but his mishandling of those funds—and indeed his personal conduct generally—were blandly ignored by all public sources during his lifetime. (A United Nations official in Bangkok comments that the Americans were willing to overlook Sarit's corruption "because he was a good anti-Communist.") The regime of his successor, Thanom Kittikachorn, has not felt inhibited from scrutinizing Sarit's handling of public finance or from publicizing his personal behavior. In 1964, following a dispute among members of his family regarding the administration of his estate, the Thanom regime auditing it in an effort to reclaim public funds, estimated as high as $100 million, which he had diverted from the public coffers. In mid-1967, it was announced that the Finance Ministry expected by November to have recovered $30 million. No estimate ever seems to have been made of the amount diverted but not recoverable. However, 100 wives, each set up in her own establishment, with the servants, automobiles, clothes, and so on befitting the wife of the ruling Field Marshal, would have been expensive.

If American officials in Thailand have continued to be embarrassed by the Sarit case, it is because they had refused to see during his lifetime what was general public knowledge: that the regime was literally held together by corruption. Yet it needs to be pointed out that no general purge followed Sarit's death and the succession of Thanom. The present government is made up in large part of officials who served with the Marshal; and if Thanom's personal integrity is unquestioned, the same cannot be said for many of those with whom he shares power. (It is, in fact, commonly recognized in Bangkok today that Thanom's power is more apparent than real.)

Official corruption and the misuse of aid funds in Laos has probably surpassed, on a per capita basis, anything that has happened in Thailand. This seems likely simply because the United States has, for a number of years, almost completely underwritten the expenses of the Laotian Government including, at times, its warring factions. According to a summary of foreign assistance prepared by USAID for the House Foreign Affairs Committee, Laos received $473.4 million in economic aid from 1953 through 1966, and $128.5 million in military aid through 1962. (Subsequent to the Geneva accord of 1962, Laos in 1963 became the only country in East Asia whose military assistance figures were "classified.") Corruption in Laos, it should be pointed out, did not start with the advent of American aid and is not limited to AID transactions today, although the quantities of assistance which have been poured into this little landlocked state of 2 million to 3 million people have certainly produced some bizarre effects. Indeed, the foreign observer, once he is outside of Laos, is often tempted to dismiss the entire country as an illusion. Consider these facts, taken from official reports of the American Embassy in Vientiane:

(*1*) It is estimated that Laos exports approximately $2 million worth of opium yearly, which, except for gold, would make opium the country's largest item of export. (For 1965, according to government statistics, the total of all other exports was less than $500,000.) The United States and a number of international agencies operating in Laos are pledged to the eradication of the opium trade which, needless to say, could not flourish without the connivance of local public officials.

(*2*) Laos imported $60 million worth of gold in 1966; in the first quarter of 1967, gold imports were $27 million. This is apparently all quite legal but somewhat baffling, since Laos has a highly unfavorable balance of trade, even if one adds in the $2 million worth of opium. (In 1965, for example, imports, excluding gold, amounted to $15.8 million as opposed to exports of $2.5 million.) For what purpose is this quantity of gold imported? Vientiane, after all, hardly merits the description of an international trade center or thoroughfare. It would appear that most of it ends up—as an illegal transaction and one which the United States has an interest in block-

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ing—in South Vietnam. Some of it may reach North Vietnam and China. Again, this trade could hardly prosper without official connivance.

(3) The Laotian exchange situation deteriorated alarmingly a few years ago when Pathet Lao took over a considerable portion of the country and a series of attempted coups threatened stability in the balance. As a consequence, the United States first endeavored to underwrite an extensive import program at a preferred rate of exchange. A recent report of the AID establishment in Vientiane tells what happened:

> On September 1, 1965, commodities authorized for importation under [the U.S. Importation Program] were substantially reduced in an effort to maximize the benefits of U.S. assistance to Laos. It was found that importers and dealers were making large profits out of USIP by falsifying invoices, re-exporting goods to Thailand, and pricing at the 500 exchange rate [kips to the dollar] goods imported at the 240 rate. Thus, only a few merchants, rather than the people, were benefitting from many of the USIP imports. Moreover, not all of the goods under USIP were essential to the living standard of the lower and middle income consumer and, therefore, did not justify the subsidy provided through sales at the official rate of exchange.

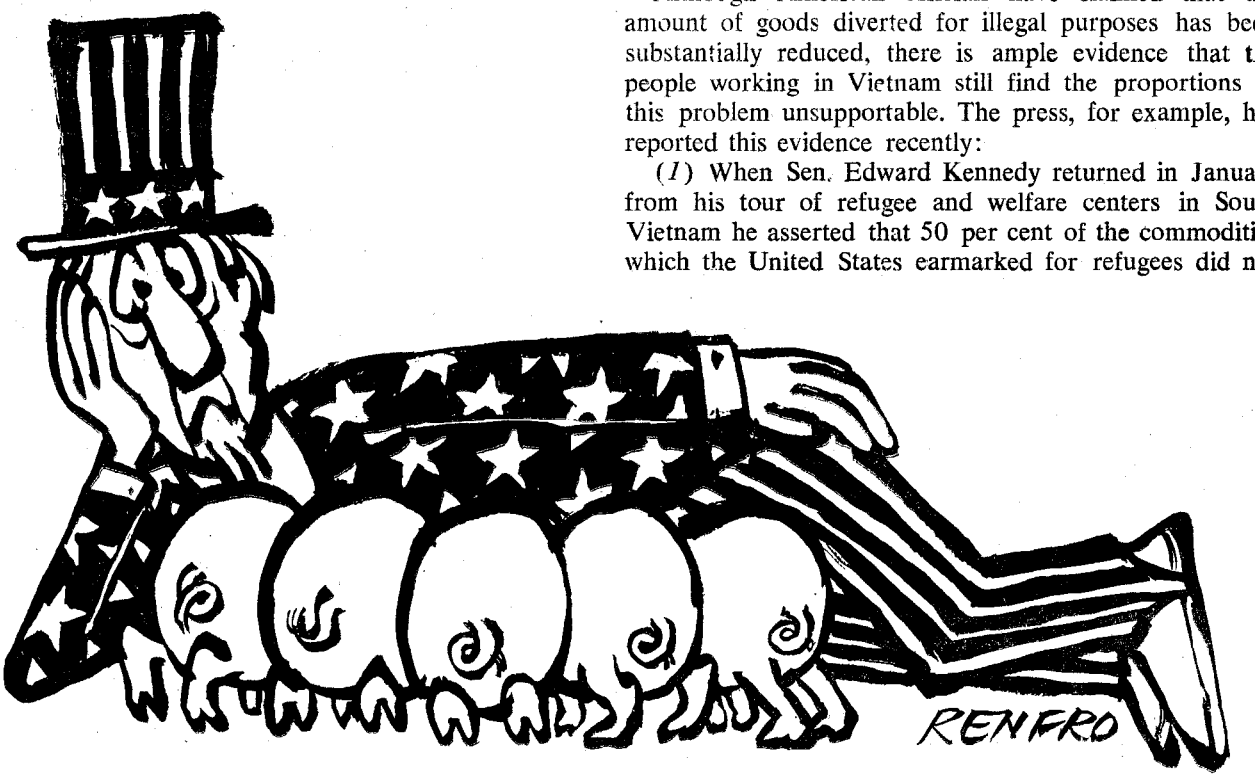
Rice, petroleum products, industrial machinery and utility vehicles can still be obtained at the special rate.

As this item indicates, American officials have at least tacitly admitted through the years that a substantial part of American aid to Laos has been diverted from its public purpose. They may even concede privately that they know who the corrupt officials are, since such evidence is not easy to hide in a country as small as Laos. But since political, economic and military power have all three been concentrated traditionally in the hands of single individuals—or more accurately, single families—and since these are the people with whom the United States does business, aid officials have been understandably reluctant to force the ouster of corrupt officials in any but the most flagrant cases.

In Vietnam, of course, the problem of corruption is both more complex and more acute than elsewhere. The task of selling "democratic" government is not made easier by the example of corrupt officials who fatten themselves on funds supplied by the Americans—an example which the insurgents have gone to some lengths to point out to the villagers. In the Vietnamese countryside, the American dilemma is painful, for here the highly selective campaigns of terrorism carried out by the Vietcong make positions of leadership—"collaboration with the imperialist enemy and its Saigon puppets," according to VC patriots—attractive from only one standpoint, access to power and to public, that is, American, funds. Area commanders and province chiefs, almost all of whom are military officers, have recently been singled out in the international press as a major source of corruption in Vietnam. But the documented cases range all the way from a cabinet officer involved in a major scandal involving kickbacks on medicinal drugs, through massive theft of military and relief supplies, down to the policemen on the beat who collect their small "gratuities" for fixing fines and for "protection." (It should be pointed out that the Americans have not always been clean in this regard. Not long ago, a high-ranking U.S. Naval officer, known widely in Asia as the "Mayor of Saigon," stood court-martial in San Francisco for his mishandling of Post Exchange funds. A major point in his defense was not that he was innocent but that war conditions always encourage activities such as he was charged with and that the military had always condoned them.)

Although American officials have claimed that the amount of goods diverted for illegal purposes has been substantially reduced, there is ample evidence that the people working in Vietnam still find the proportions of this problem unsupportable. The press, for example, has reported this evidence recently:

(1) When Sen. Edward Kennedy returned in January from his tour of refugee and welfare centers in South Vietnam he asserted that 50 per cent of the commodities which the United States earmarked for refugees did not



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reach them (*The New York Times,* January 26). Moreover:

> Each refugee is supposed to received the equivalent of $45 for resettlement. . . . It was estimated to me by a United States official advisory to the refugee program that 75 per cent of this amount is siphoned off before it reaches these people.

That is, 75 per cent of $30 million for this particular program. Kennedy also noted that "the levels of corruption reach all the way up to if not including the ministerial level" (*The New York Times,* February 4).

(*2*) In December, when Vietnam's Roman Catholic bishops finally broke their prolonged silence and came out in favor of more positive steps toward peace, they shocked observers with the vehemence of their attack on high government officials. "How," they asked, "can there be peace when those in responsible places mask their false promises behind rhetoric? How can there be peace when laziness, hypocrisy and corruption prevail everywhere in society?" Since both President Thieu and the dominant bloc in the Senate belong to the Roman Catholic minority which makes up only 10 per cent of the population, this denunciation by the Church's prelates carries substantially more weight than would otherwise be the case.

(*3*) Partially overlooked in the January furor over the *Pueblo* incident in Korean waters was the announcement in Saigon of the resignation of Maj. Gen. Nguyen Duc Thang, the second ranking officer in the Vietnamese army and the one entrusted with the pacification and anti-corruption drives. Thang, who apparently enjoyed the full confidence of American advisers, was reportedly embittered by the failure of Thieu's government to support the war against corruption, and frustrated by the failure of the pacification program, which he had headed for more than two years.

(*4*) At about the same time that Thang was said to have finally quit the government, *The New York Times* reported that two South Vietnamese army officers who had been dismissed from appointive political positions a few months earlier on charges of corruption (one was province chief in Phuoc Tuy, the other the Mayor of Vung Tau), had been given "attractive army assignments." (The Americans cynically refer to this promotion system as "foul up and move up," and it is undoubtedly only one of the frustrations which led to Thang's resignation.)

The term "corruption" has been used here to denote the practice, widespread in Asia, whereby public employees add fringe benefits, variously called "grease," "tea money" or "squeeze," to the salary and emoluments to which they are legally entitled. Yet the term corruption has its disadvantages. One is that there is an opprobrium attached to the word which Asians have not traditionally attached to the practice. In addition, "corruption" confuses the issue of responsibility. Who is the corrupter and who the corrupted? The policeman who exacts payment from the hawker and the truck driver for not enforcing the laws too rigorously seems to be taking advantage of their vulnerability. Yet investigation would no doubt reveal that the people who pay him off prefer this to the alternative of severe law enforcement; and, moreover, that his salary is so low that there is almost a presumption that he will supplement it in this fashion.

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In Saigon, a high-ranking U.S. official confesses that no reform of the Vietnamese police is possible unless salaries are raised substantially; but that, if this were done, all other government salaries would require similar readjustment. In other words, the cost of government would probably increase several fold. Yet in this respect the situation in Vietnam is mild compared with that in Indonesia. There, in recent years, inflation unparalleled elsewhere in time of peace has far outrun salaries; as a consequence, the salaried class has been forced to develop considerable ingenuity to accumulate enough money to survive. From 1961 through 1966—when inflation reached 1,500 per cent in a single year—stories of corrupt public servants were not limited to tales of extortion by tax officials and police officers, and of demands for gratuities from civil servants. There were also reports of teachers whose wealthier pupils required private tutoring, and in fact almost any service which public employees were expected to perform as a part of their duties, Indonesian civil servants apparently performed only for a fee. In this case, who did the corrupting? There can be no doubt that a few high-ranking officials took advantage of their positions to acquire vast fortunes which they frequently deposited in Geneva banks; but for the vast majority it appears that the system was the corrupter and that the public and civil servants alike were victims.

There is another side to the story. To what extent is the businessman victimized and to what extent does he victimize the petty official? A substantial number of Western businessmen in Asia seem to take pride in their ability to work with the system even when they complain about the cost of doing business. On the other hand, many Southeast Asian Chinese, deprived by local laws of an opportunity to earn a living legitimately even in the countries in which they were born, have had to resort to devious means in order to survive.

Since the foreign businessman is there in order to make money, it is not surprising that he is frequently a party to corruption. And since the amount of money at his disposal is generally large by Asian standards, the demands on him may be high. Last summer, a story was going the rounds in Southeast Asia about the way in which a foreign businessman arrives at the cost of doing business in Bangkok. It seems he goes into the office of the official whose assistance he needs and surreptitiously drops a wallet. Picking it up, he exclaims, "Oh! You dropped your wallet—with 85,000 *baht* in it." And the official replies, "No. I dropped a wallet with 250,000

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baht in it." Yet the fact remains that the businessman pays off only to the extent that it is profitable for him to do so and, therefore, a degree of collusion unquestionably exists between him and, for example, the customs official. (In fact, the willingness of the foreign businessman to charge pay-offs to overhead and forget them may make it more difficult for the local businessman to compete.)

The fact that corruption appears to be endemic in traditional societies, where government is frankly and openly personal, has led some scholars to suggest that it is a mistake to make an issue of it; that it should simply be accepted as part of the system. Some will even maintain that, in the long run, the interests of society are really being served by the official who uses his cut of the public treasury to build his own business empire and thereby assist his country in the modernization process. Even if one accepted this latter argument as valid, one would always be running up against the case of the official who, having diverted public funds to his own purse, decided his private interests were best served by depositing funds in hard currency in Switzerland.

But one cannot simply dismiss this general argument. What Americans call corruption because it violates their standard of the "rule of laws and not of men," is viewed somewhat differently in the developing societies. Both officialdom—the "mandarinate" of dynastic China—and the subjects or citizens of these societies seem to continue to prefer, because they understand, personal government; and payment for favors received from public officials is just one of its aspects. (Ironically, those who have the least to gain from this system—the have-nots—are generally the ones most attached to it.) It would be self-defeating for us to ignore the values that have inhered in these societies traditionally and the obstacles that stand in the way of their replacement.

On the other hand, the United States is surely not spending billions of dollars in foreign assistance to these countries simply to reinforce their tribal—or feudal—systems and enrich their potentates, old and new, beyond anything previously dreamed of. If our intent is merely to promote stability in these states, it would no doubt be better if we left them to their own devices—that is, if we did not try to foist off on them economic systems which accentuate the differences between those persons with access to power—and AID dollars—and those without. If the intent is to assist them to compete in the world, we can hardly hope to accomplish this by an aid system which rewards not efficiency but avarice. And if it is to promote democracy, we are certainly defeating our own ends by adding gross new inequalities to the ones which already existed.

Here, perhaps, the Marxists have an advantage in Southeast Asia over the United States and its allies. Their goals are avowedly revolutionary and they are not concerned with the niceties of tradition. However, where the use of public funds is concerned, their standards are puritanical. (That is one reason why Indonesia's army leaders, in charge of a substantial number of public corporations, were so hostile to the Communists in the time of Sukarno.) And the fact that an "imperialist" or "neo-colonialist" power is spending billions of dollars every year to bolster, and in effect to enrich, feudal leaders is not lost on Asia's insurgents.

Some months ago I talked with the Governor of Sakhon Nakorn, a province in northeast Thailand, where insurgency has reportedly reached alarming proportions. Although the insurgents there are Thais, he said that the North Vietnamese living in the province were responsible for the unrest. When I asked why the Thais followed the lead of the North Vietnamese, the Governor misunderstood and replied, "Oh, we Thais hate the Vietnamese." I repeated the question and this time the answer was that the Vietnamese tell the people in the villages that the government in Bangkok "has sold the country to the Americans. The Thais who follow [the North Vietnamese] don't know what the government does for the villages."

In northeast Thailand it is understandable that the people don't know what the government has done for them, since the contribution isn't readily apparent. There is evidence everywhere of American "assistance," from military installations and personnel (which have caused prices in their vicinity to skyrocket) to four-lane highways (clearly not required to transport the area's scanty produce to market, but perhaps of assistance in moving armies). But according to the Governor, the annual per capita income in Sakhon Nakorn is only $5. This figure may be abnormally low, since AID officials cite a figure of $180, per *family*, for a neighboring and somewhat more prosperous province. However, neither figure provides a picture of an affluent peasantry or explains how Marshal Sarit was able to accumulate his huge estate.

Given ideal conditions, some of the villagers in the northeast should benefit in a few years from the AID dollars spent there for irrigation, agricultural experimentation and related programs. For the present, Thai officials are getting richer and the buying power of the peasantry is getting smaller. And relations between the United States and Thailand are getting noticeably cooler. In part, this is the result of the enlarged American presence there; in part, it stems from the fact that the Thai Government has met increasing criticism in the Western press, which it cannot control. Unhappily, the American Government, dependent on Thai support and Thai bases in the Vietnamese conflict, is even less able today than it was in Sarit's time to insure that American assistance is not misused.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 682)*

In 1963 it was clear changes had come to Czechoslovakia, but they were quiet and taken "realistically." Unlike the flashy display of Poland's freedom which blossomed after 1958, little has been made of Czechoslovakia's slow, but steady growth. But the basis was there in 1963 and it has since been seen at the Brussels and Montreal fairs, in the cinema and in the cultural and artistic development which these represent. Being based on a more consistent and solidly grounded foundation, a "realistic" foundation as Mr. Werth might say, it is more likely to have a lasting influence . . . . *Harold L. Orbach*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Mailer on the Steps of the Pentagon

THE ARMIES OF THE NIGHT: History as a Novel, The Novel as History. *By Norman Mailer. New American Library. 288 pp. $5.95.*

ALAN TRACHTENBERG
Mr. Trachtenberg is in the English Department at Pennsylvania State University.

Norman Mailer was described some years ago as a writer capable of seeing himself as a "battlefield of history." The image is remarkably apt. From *The Naked and the Dead,* published just twenty years ago, to his latest and equally important book, *The Armies of the Night,* Mailer has found his themes by brooding over his relations to the large events of modern history, the shifting currents of public feeling and ideology, and especially to war. Mailer has been somewhat lonely until recently as the most consistently radical among our major writers, and the public performances both in and out of books which have earned his notoriety as a "personality" may be taken in part as compensation for these political frustrations.

His experiments in style, his explorations of extreme forms of behavior (literary and personal) can be seen as a quest for relevance and for fulfillment of some high role in American life which he conceives, along with Whitman, to be the function of the writer.

The Armies of the Night is a product of that search: the discovery of a form expressive of his vision of himself as a significant battlefield. History and self become an inseparable continuum in this complex and stylistically sophisticated nonfiction novel (against which Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood* appears as trivial virtuosity) dealing with the march on the Pentagon in October, 1967. Mailer makes that event into an elaborately conceived symbolic, in fact ritualistic, experience. The extraordinary achievement of this work is its demonstration of the process whereby history is invented in the chambers of consciousness—invented out of a fusion of the particularities of recorded fact and the necessities and bias of character. Only a writer steeped in American life, with all his wits about him, and with a genuinely compassionate social vision, could have produced a work so acute in its historical insights and so moving in its portraits of contemporaries. To put my judgment extremely, Mailer writes as if the techniques and faculties of fiction were invented for just such a penetration of real life.

Mailer sees the novel as a great, supple instrument of collective knowledge, a vehicle for social vision. In *Cannibals and Christians* he argued for the novelist's "task of explaining America." But America moves in obscure ways. "The novel," Mailer wrote, "gave up any desire to be a creation equal to the phenomenon of the country itself; it settled for being a metaphor." "Who can swear," he asks, that "there has not been something catastrophic to America in the failure of her novelists? Maybe we are the last liberators in the land."

The Armies of the Night attempts an act of liberation; it attempts to free the mind and feelings from inarticulateness. This of course is the function of all art, but Mailer's act is noteworthy in its scale, its ambition to formulate the central meanings of contemporary American experience. The result is far from a tract—far as well from a simple realistic account of experience. The method of the book is an exacting kind of artfulness which calls for an equally exacting effort of reading.

The book's subtitles suggest one of its exactions upon the reader. The first part, Book One (the bulk of the work), is the nonfiction novel proper: it presents "history" in the guise of a novelistic account of Mailer's own firsthand experiences. Book Two, written "in the cloak of an historic style," serves as a stylistic counterpoint to Book One: based on secondhand sources, it presents a more "objective" account, particularly of events which Mailer himself did not witness. It is a "precis of a collective novel," something like a scenario for a Tolstoyan treatment of the several facets of the event: the role of particular personalities and their various political stances in the planning of the march, a military analysis of the logistics of the march, of the assault upon the mall, of the army troops and demonstrators on the "front line" during the long night after the march. The change in perspective upon the same total event thus insists upon the interaction of subjective and objective points of view in order to grasp the full reality.

The two sections effectively complement each other and produce a unified, encompassing point of view toward the march and its symbolic meaning. Taken by itself, Book Two is not nearly so persuasive or compelling a piece of writing as the earlier part, from which it takes its aesthetic justification as counterpoint. It seems too much a muted coda, adding information but not really extending insight and feeling beyond Book One.

It is in Book One that Mailer does his real work. Here we experience a quality of self-awareness which contains the book's authentic meanings. Mailer puts himself at the center of the action as a character, and tells the story in the third person, from the point of view of a sympathetic observer, harsh judge, and confidant of the feelings and reveries of the character named "Mailer." What might be taken for shameless egotism is in this case a cunning and subtle literary device. In numerous heuristic asides Mailer the author comments on his own devices, insinuating upon the reader the feeling that the final subject of the book includes the problem of creation itself. Several of his comments make the point that a writer, like the new revolutionaries, learns about himself from his style rather than his abstract ideas: "the clue to discovery was not in the substance of one's ideas, but in what was learned from the style of one's attack." Just as the entire work examines the aesthetics of the march—"revolution by theatre and without a script"—in order to perceive its essential meaning, so Mailer brings himself into an equally sharp field of vision as a "style," or series of styles.

The tactic proves so entirely successful because of a brilliantly demonstrated coincidence between the objective event and the subjective experience. The occasion, the implausible assault upon the Pentagon by a shaky coalition of old and New Left and "respectable" peace groups, "marching not to capture it, but to wound it *symbolically,*" becomes the perfect vehicle to bring Mailer's own inner experience into focus, and Mailer himself, "a comic hero," a "figure of monumental disproportions," becomes the perfect figure through which "to recapture the precise feel of the ambiguity of the event and its monumental disproportions." Much like Henry Adams in his *Education,* Mailer here discovers an aptness between his own posture in the world and the crazy configurations of the world itself. This discovery is implicit and immanent in the subtlest movements of his prose, his shift from style

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to style and mood to mood—from a hilarity unmatched, I think, outside of Faulkner, to bemused nostalgia and seizures of terror. Mailer discovers himself as history's persona, if only for the moment—a point of conjunction of several vectors otherwise scattered and obscure in less coherent visions.

It is fitting, Mailer the author writes, that his "hero" should be "an egotist of the most startling misproportions, outrageously and often unhappily self-assertive, yet in command of a detachment classic in severity." He refers to this duality as a "two-headed" egotism, "thrusting itself forward the better to study itself." This image suggests an extreme version of the Romantic hunger for experience for the sake of art, and self-destructive overtones are indeed evident. But rarely, I think, has such a treacherous program for the interpenetration between art and life been so convincingly redeemed by the final artistic result.

His self-capture is all the more striking because one head of the ego performs such extremes of assertive behavior as the comic boozy harangue at the theatre, or the confrontation with the U.S. marshals and the murderous young Nazi in the police van—this recovery of the precise shape of experience requires a literary self-consciousness much like that cultivated by Henry James, and it is astonishing to find Mailer in possession of it. James himself assumes a similar point of view toward the figure of himself as a "restless analyst" of American life in *The American Scene*. In the case of both writers, extremities of style are directly in response to extremities and disproportions and incongruities in the social scene. The point may be that American experience itself drives writers to these stylistic resources. "Once history inhabits a crazy house," Mailer writes, "egotism may be the last tool left to history."

Other participants in the march may very well differ with Mailer regarding the meaning of the demonstration at the Pentagon. However, his commitment is that the reality of the event resides in the interplay between consciousness and event—not consciousness in the form of abstract analysis but, to borrow a phrase from Karl Marx, consciousness as "sensuous human activity." In part the book is a reproach to journalism as a form of historical writing (and as a major distortion of American life), and one of its methods is to include newspaper accounts in order to subvert them (Book One is framed by two such distortions in the press). The book insists that history is an artifact, a created version of reality. The novelist differs from the journalist precisely at the point where he confesses that he is creating rather than copying.

The version of history manifest in *The Armies of the Night* has its syndrome in the idea of confrontation, in which differing and opposing styles, of dress and speech, of mind and feeling, face one another with varying degrees of incomprehension. With his novelist's eye for distinguishing gestures of class and character, and his radical's recognition of political forces, Mailer dramatizes a sense of aching splits in American life. His portrait of middle-class hippies and New Leftists up against the guns of the military, manned by the sons of the working class and the small towns, intimates a desperate historical tragedy in the making. The book contemplates awful divisions within America, and if its underlying feeling is apocalyptic, it is accompanied by sorrow mingled with anticipation.

Most remarkable perhaps is the feeling of deep personal complicity in the tragedy: "How much guilt lay on the back of a good writer?" Mailer ruminates out of his own experience about the "great wall of total miscomprehension . . . built over the years between a writer and the audience reached by a newspaper." He speaks of new responsibilities hoisted upon writers by the vast power of the media to educate the nation into humane sensibility and self-consciousness. Mailer's deepest fears are of a division beyond repair, especially beyond the repair of literature. Calling to mind Fitzgerald's *Crack-Up*, he writes:

> Yes, how much of Fitzgerald's long dark night may have come from that fine winnowing sense in the very fine hair of his nose that the two halves of America were not coming together, and when they failed to touch, all of history might be lost in the divide. Yes, there was a dark night if you had the illusion you could do something about it, and the conviction that not enough had been done. Or was it simply impossible—had the two worlds of America drifted irretrievably apart?

In this light Mailer sees the march on the Pentagon as "the first major battle of a war which may go on for twenty years." War, as in the beginning of his career, provides him with ultimate metaphors for our collective life. He suggests that the battle begun on the mall may loom as large in our history as the Civil War (from which he draws many of his images in the text). It already appears that the lessons in courage won in Washington are leading to a widening of the tactics of resistance and calculated disruptions. Mailer's intimations may be prophetic. But regardless of the course the several struggles of our day may take, *The Armies of the Night* is a permanent contribution to our literature—a unique testimony to literary responsiveness and responsibility.

IN CUBA TODAY

Someone there told me the story about Roberto Henderson, one I was to hear often in Guatemala [the name given, after the revolution, to the former United Fruit Company sugar mill in Cuba]. *Henderson was the chief engineer at the mill, a very fine man; he was the only one to answer the angry statement of the American administrator that the Cubans would be unable to make sugar without them. He told them the Americans had never made sugar: that had been the work of the Cubans. "He told that last administrator to his face and that man was bad amongst the bad!" Henderson was now in Havana; he had been important in the organization of Acopio, the distribution organization for food.*

Someone smiled: Henderson first went to the United States with the other executives and then returned.

"It was his Cuban wife," Paco Ortego said. "She was the one who wanted to go Up North. He divorced her. He said, Well, we have been here three months, I am going back. But she finally rejoined him and they are now remarried and living in Havana."

This story about Roberto Henderson was told me so often, with embellishments to broaden it and speculation to give it depth, that Henderson became a myth to me. Until one day, looking through a weekly, I came across a story on Acopio and in a photograph of some of its officials saw a fair, thin, middle-aged man identified as he. But as soon as Henderson was mentioned again the story filled out Henderson, who had diminished on being a man in a picture, to his proper dimensions. That double view is the vision of all Cubans: their heroes walk about them as human beings and legends; and the street one lives on and the place where one works are the settings of lived history.

From *In the Fist of the Revolution: Life in a Cuban Country Town*, by Jose Yglesias (Pantheon, $5.95). A first-person, novelistic account, by a frequent *Nation* contributor, of the author's three-month stay in the town of Mayari in the spring of 1967, affording an intimate view of the profoundly altered lives of people at all levels of society in revolutionary Cuba.

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No Pretense to Coherency

UNSPEAKABLE PRACTICES, UNNATURAL ACTS. *By Donald Barthelme. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 170 pp. $4.95.*

CALVIN BEDIENT
Mr. Bedient teaches literature at Emory University, Atlanta.

Copping out from meaning is the latest gambit, the latest fillip, and the latest refuge of the arts: and of writers none has been so relentlessly and entertainingly unmeaningful as Donald Barthelme. In his brief, bright, breezy, stories, as in his delightful novella, *Snow White*, there is not even that implicit appeal to sanity, to an instinct for survival, which is found in the black humorists. There is only (in words from this new volume) "a frightful illness of the mind, lightmindedness." And this invites nothing more than the complicity of whatever nausea is felt about "knowledgeableness" and "significance" in the world today.

Light-mindedness—judging from these stories—is the product of the contemporary glut of jargons, ideologies, processes, "studies," messages and media—the giddiness and the sense of unauthenticity that this weltering variety involves, like an overdose of oxygen to the brain. Dislocation, fragmentation, above all skepticism—these are the keynotes of Barthelme's work. The dislocation is both spatial and historical. Thus in the story called "Edward and Pia," Sweden, Amsterdam, Leningrad, Copenhagen, Berlin and France are, to all effects, simultaneously the location of the hero and heroine; and in "A Picture History of the War," the Battle of Waterloo and the American Civil War are coeval with a certain Kellerman, who, among other things, reads, while running, an essay by Paul Goodman in *Commentary*. The far is spliced with the near, the past with the present, like successive frames in a film. Comanches rain arrows into the city—any city—while the IRA helps to defend it. Overloaded, the contemporary mind fuses out. Now is every time; everywhere is here.

As for the fragmentation in Barthelme, it is both symptom and reaction. Wholeness and coherency are "too much"; reality is authentic only in its pieces.

"Fragments," says the narrator of "See the Moon?" "are the only forms I trust." Hence most of the stories add on rather than "up." They are fragmentary in their parts and fragmentary as wholes. In their constant dislocations of narrative, their continual surprise and inconsequence, their sudden drops and sudden resumptions of subjects, they reflect the chaotic multiplicity of modern life—a subject of complaint since the 19th century—and, at the same time, exaggerate it in order to mock all surviving pretenses to coherency, whether of reason or of practice.

Since everything encroaches, everything has the same ambiguous importance. From "The President":

> Our exhausted age wishes above everything to plunge into the heart of the problem, to be able to say, *Here is the difficulty*. And the new President, that tiny, strange, and brilliant man, seems cankered and difficult enough to take us there. In the meantime, people are fainting. My secretary fell in the middle of a sentence. Miss Kagle, I said. Are you all right? She was wearing an anklet of tiny silver circles. Each tiny silver circle held an initial: @@@@@@@. . . . Who is this person A? What is he in your life, Miss Kagel?

The tiny silver circles and the tiny President are of equal "significance"; "exhaustion" is shown in their equation. The mystery of "A" is as momentous, as minuscule, as "the heart of the problem"; the new President is as "strange" as the anklet, the fainting. Even as the passage expresses hope that the Leader will take us into the heart of the problem, it tells us that there is no heart, that there is only a shallow, cinematic flow of ambiguity—the result of the liquescence of any criteria that might have given a problem a "heart."

Barthelme's stories are thus unnatural acts. They are attempts—mocking attempts—at narrative in a time that is shapeless and that affords no principle of selection. Like William Burroughs, Barthelme creates a new kind of fiction by frustrating, spoofing or aggressively ignoring the expectations—of situation, development, denouement—raised by the old. He is light-minded with a vengeance; or, if light-mindedness is indeed an illness, militant mockery is its slightly feverish principle. Hence these stories, though so much like play, are not quite free. They mock contemporary life, they mock the art of fiction itself, not in simple exuberance, and certainly not in full comic gaiety but in a somewhat painful merriment, and with ever so slight a feeling of having to vomit.

In most of these stories, so dreadfully "knowing" of the "knowledgeable knowers" of today, the mockery is total, a machine gun of disbelief. Let anything

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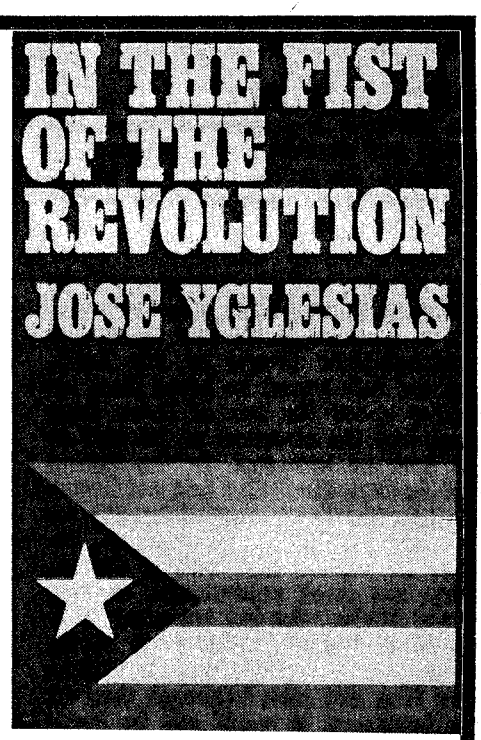

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claim seriousness—sin or war, death or anxiety, Robert Kennedy or methodology—and Barthelme will let the air out of its bag. Or let anyone speak of purpose, milestones, responsibility, potential, solutions, analysis, functioning, or the "meaning," say, of Barthelme's fiction, and Barthelme will be lurking there, grinning and taking notes with a pen dipped in the immunity of an absolute unseriousness. "A grand word, meaningful," he says. The man is filled to overflowing with distrust of "significance." Who is not? What other age has talked so endlessly, so unconvincingly, of meaning, or of the meaning of meaning? The inevitable reaction has come—in Barthelme's case, with a light-mindedness that is delectably ironic.

Perhaps in two of the stories, "Report" and "The Police Band," Barthelme loses a little of his cool. In the first, for example, which ridicules "the war" as "a process"—the only "thing" that "seems to be functioning" ("Other people's things don't seem to be working")—he scores off against the automatism of "multi-disciplined problem-solving team" projects, doubting that "*a moral sense*" ("It is on punched cards, perhaps the most advanced and sensitive moral sense the world has ever known") will prevent the rending, devouring, and crushing of the enemy. Yet as a "story" teller, of course, Barthelme is neither better nor worse for any betrayal of commitment. His success depends only on the gusto and perverse inspiration of his inventions—and to some extent on the transparency of their allusion to the world they mock. Five of these sixteen stories—"Alice," "Game," "The Indian Uprising," "This Newspaper Here," "Can We Talk"—are dull, willed creations. The rest—though not up to the dazzle of *Snow White*—are delightful. "There is enough aesthetic excitement here," to quote from "The Indian Uprising," "to satisfy anyone but a damned fool."

The Uses of Chaliapin

CHALIAPIN: An Autobiography As Told To Maxim Gorky. *With Supplementary Correspondence and Notes. Translated from the Russian, compiled and edited by Nina Froud and James Hanley. Stein & Day. 320 pp. $10.*

SIMON KARLINSKY

Mr. Karlinsky is professor of Slavic languages and literature at the University of California. He is the author of Marina Cvetaeva: Her Life and Art (*University of California Press*).

One of the earliest memories of the celebrated Russian basso, Feodor Chaliapin, as recorded in the first of his two autobiographies (*Pages of My Life*), was the folk legend he heard from his mother about the fall of Satan from grace and the elevation of Michael to the rank of archangel. In the version that Avdotya Chaliapina told her 5-year-old son, the Lord, angered by the rebellion of the archangel Satanael, decided to replace him with a strange, hairy, but meek supernatural creature named Micha, who just happened to be around in Heaven. "Well then, having driven away Satanael, God called Micha unto Him and said: 'Although thou art not intelligent, it would still be better if I make thee the commander of Heavenly Hosts, an archangel. Thou wouldst not cause trouble in Heaven. And henceforth, thou shalt be not Micha, but Michael, while Satanael shall be simply Satan!' "

This the-last-shall-be-the-first story, so very relevant to Chaliapin's own subsequent myth, made an indelible impression on the little boy. In the current English version of this biography (an earlier American edition appeared in 1926 as *Pages from My Life*), the passage just quoted appears thus: "God sent for him and said: 'Although you are not clever, I will take you as head of the Heavenly forces and as arch-strategist. You will start no trouble here, and henceforth you will be called, not Mikh, but Satan.' "

Such inability on the part of the editors and translators of this beautifully produced and illustrated volume to tell the difference between Satan and Michael, between archangel (*arkhistratig*) and arch-strategist, or to discern the significance of the little legend for the rest of the autobiography, goes a long way toward explaining the vast amount of distortion, misinformation and just plain absurdity about Chaliapin and his life that is found in the book.

The attribution of authorship to Gorky, to begin with, can only be qualified as opportunistic. *Pages of My Life* was dictated by Chaliapin to Gorky's stenographer and had the benefit of Gorky's editorial assistance. None of the earlier foreign or Russian editions (including the version in the 1957 two-volume collection of Chaliapin materials published in the Soviet Union by the Soviet musicologist E. A. Grosheva, from which the present English version is purportedly translated) list Gorky as the author or even ghost writer. The closest Gorky himself came to claiming any share in the book was in the letter he wrote at the behest of the Soviet Government, to be presented as evidence in the French court where Chaliapin, by then a rabidly anti-Soviet *émigré*, was suing for damages for an unauthorized republication of the biography in the Soviet Union. The lawsuit ended the friendship of decades between the writer and the singer, but even in a document intended to discredit Chaliapin in every way, all Gorky lays claim to is editorial assistance and transcribing the stenographer's notes. None of the complete editions of Gorky's works in the USSR includes this book, although it has been announced for the forthcoming centenary edition as a work Gorky helped edit.

All the pertinent letters from Gorky on the origin of the book are reproduced in the current English edition of the autobiography, causing the "as told to" and the raves on the dust jacket about Gorky's "brilliant handling" of his subject to ring a bit hollow. And, since the English text is a free rearrangement of the Russian original rather than a literal translation, a more accurate designation of the volume would have been: "Chaliapin's Autobiography as edited by Gorky and retold by Nina Froud and James Hanley."

In addition to the autobiography, the book contains a selection of Gorky-Chaliapin correspondence, portraits and

TODAY DECIDED THE QUESTION

I turn from your touch
From the mackerel in the window
From the frog pinned at the point of a knife.

I hate the hermit in the ford
The maid with her hands of pumice
The flower vendor and his gladiolas
I hate the wax eyes of my last whore.

I've jumped time to sit in yachts sucking gin
Wondering at the flavor of your new lover
Tasting the salt in the wind.

ROGER APLON

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other Chaliapiniana. The acknowledgments section and introductions tell of twelve years spent in preparing the volume, of trips to the Soviet Union, and of digging up rare materials in Soviet archives. Just why all this traveling and research were necessary is utterly puzzling because, with the exception of a few letters published elsewhere and an article culled from a popular Soviet magazine, *all* the material in the book, including the annotations, is taken from the 1957 two-volume Grosheva collection. So resolutely did the editors restrict themselves to this one source, that even the most important single Chaliapin publication, his second and far more detailed autobiography, *Mask and Soul* (English version, *Man and Mask*), published in France and in America in 1932, was read by them, as they admit, only in the bowdlerized selections included in the same Grosheva collection. The sections of *Mask and Soul* censored for Soviet publication (approximately one-third of the original text) are indispensable for understanding the biography, the attitudes and the politics of the singer. But these omitted passages and chapters would be too much at variance with the sentimentalized image of Chaliapin as the great democratic, nationalistic and realistic artist of the Russian people, whose officially encouraged cult has been a prominent feature of the post-Stalinist period in Soviet cultural life. And while an American volume dedicated to fostering this patently false and slanted image is at least ludicrous, viewed within its Soviet context the Chaliapin revival (of which the Grosheva collection and its American Gorky-credited avatar are symptoms) is of considerable interest, and provides us with valid insights into recent Soviet cultural policies.

The partial amnesty of the more daring and innovative 20th-century Russian art prohibited under Stalin is still proceeding cautiously and hesitantly. Much of the earlier work of Sergei Prokofiev is still under virtual ban. While the poetry of Andrei Belyi has been republished, his great experimental novels, *Petersburg* and *Kotik Letaev*, are still unavailable and unmentionable. Meyerhold has been posthumously rehabilitated politically, but none of his magnificent productions has been revived, and his practices and theories are relegated to the past and are not permitted to have any impact on the current Soviet theatre. While these three innovators, who died as loyal Soviet citizens and members of Soviet artists' unions are allowed what may be called a partial recognition, three sworn enemies of the Soviet regime whose works were previously taboo—Chaliapin, the writer Ivan Bunin, and the composer Serge Rachmaninov—are now enthusiastically accepted and propagandized by the Soviet cultural establishment. Such paradoxically selective rehabilitation makes sense only if seen as a triumph of the aesthetics of Socialist realism over politics or historical justice. Neither Bunin nor Chaliapin nor Rachmaninov was considered in any way progressive or revolutionary or even democratic when they made their respective artistic reputations in prerevolutionary Russia. But they were all close friends of Maxim Gorky (until they broke with him over political issues after they emigrated to the West), which is practically a *cachet de noblesse* for purposes of rehabilitation.

Unlike Gorky, these three had no tolerance or understanding for any of the 20th-century developments in the arts, remaining aristocratically aloof from the main trends in the Russian artistic revival of the first decades of the century. Chaliapin, in particular, was actively hostile to all methods of staging opera that deviated from the melodramatic Russian stagings of the 1890s, and he was opposed to all important 20th-century music (with the exception of Rachmaninov's). In his heyday, he was powerful enough to sabotage some of the newer music, preventing Russian productions of Richard Strauss and blocking Diaghilev's project of a joint instrumentation of Moussorgsky's *Khovanshchina* by Ravel and Stravinsky. As Stravinsky tells it: "Unfortunately, however, Diaghilev cared less about establishing a good instrumentation of the opera and rescuing it from Rimsky-Korsakov than about our version as a new vehicle for Chaliapin. That idiot from every nonvocal point of view, and from some of these, could not realize the value of such instrumentation. He declined to sing, and the project was abandoned, though we had already done considerable work." (Stravinsky and Craft, *Conversations with Igor Stravinsky.*)

In current Soviet aesthetics, traditional and nationalistic late-19th-century art is still mechanically equated with such concepts as "progressive" and "realistic." It is their parochialism and their traditionalism that make the *émigrés* Bunin, Rachmaninov and Chaliapin so eminently acceptable to the post-Stalinist Soviet cultural authorities, rather than their artistic achievements, which are undeniable in the cases of the first two.

During his long musical career, Chaliapin was many things to many men. For Maxim Gorky, he was the very embodiment of the Russian nation. "Such men appear to remind us all how strong, handsome and talented the Russian people are," wrote Gorky. Nicholas II agreed (one of the few imaginable subjects on which the monarch and the

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writer could conceivably see eye to eye). He gave Chaliapin a gold watch and the title of His Majesty's Soloist (later Chaliapin demanded that the watch be exchanged for a showier one that would be more suitable for demonstrating the largess of the Russian Czar on trips abroad). Both Gorky and Nicholas II (as the whole Rasputin business well demonstrated) were susceptible to the peculiarly Russian *mystique* of the Divinely Inspired Peasant, as the Representative of the Masses.

This particular appeal was something on which Chaliapin, like his contemporary, Rasputin, never failed to capitalize. He was not merely a singer to be judged on his vocal or dramatic abilities but always the Archangel Michael who had to be loved and admired because he had once been the lowly and hairy Micha. His foreign audiences saw him primarily as an exotic and barbarous Russian, whose overwhelming voice and presence made them overlook his hammy acting and his monumental lack of the most elementary musical taste and culture. A singer with a narrowly provincial repertory, he made an international name for himself almost solely in the operas by the Russian Five. Back in Russia, despite an occasional Don Basilio or Mefistofele his favorite roles were in such god-awful third-rate works as Anton Rubinstein's *Demon* and Serov's *Judith*. If we are told that the interpretations of *Boris Godunov* by Pinza, London or Christoff owe a lot to Chaliapin, it is only in the sense that Jeanne Moreau may owe some of her acting techniques to Theda Bara.

It is of course understandable that a charismatic crowd pleaser like Chaliapin should find his admirers both at home and abroad. His weepy, breast-beating *Boris*, his moaning and cooing renditions of Massenet's *Elégie* or Rubinstein's *Persian Love Song* are bound to be appreciated by the type of listener who is left cold by the far superior musicianship and vocal artistry of a Fischer-Dieskau, a Ghiaurov or a Donald Gramm.

During his emigration, Chaliapin lived in Paris where he became the rallying point for the most hidebound of the *émigrés* who now saw in him the embodiment of the vanished glories of Imperial Russia. For Vladimir Mayakovsky, who denounced him in a long poem and never tired of needling him in his articles and topical poetry, Chaliapin stood for the worst and the most antiquated in Russian theatre and music, and was a foreign imperialist flunky to boot. To encounter him now in an American-published book as a pro-Soviet pal of Gorky and Lenin is paradoxical, but on the whole, harmless. The official Soviet cult of Chaliapin, on the other hand, that can produce two 800-page volumes of materials dedicated to the proposition that Chaliapin's art was realistic and progressive, and that it represents the finest in early 20th-century music (while dismissing Igor Stravinsky in a contemptuous footnote as a "militant apologist for formalism in music"), can only be seen as ominous and profoundly reactionary in every conceivable meaning of that term.

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ART

MAX KOZLOFF

The Dada, Surrealism and their Heritage show at the Museum of Modern Art has been the target, unlike most exhibitions of its large scale but innocent historical intentions, of a farrago of brickbats and kudos. I am not the appropriate writer, and this is not the place to report knowledgeably, on the scholarly contributions of this museological enterprise. But its press reception tells so much about the present state of art, the current tensions in taste, that I make bold to use this response as a roundabout socio-critical mirror of the aesthetic milieu of New York.

One of the immediate issues turns out to be the exhibition's thoroughness, an issue that can be broken down into two sections. The first, of lesser interest, concerns what could have been, as compared with what was, included at the museum. It is useless now to lament the exclusion of reconstructed tableaux —say Schwitter's *Merzbau*, or the Cabaret Voltaire. Dali's 1938 taxi with snail-covered manikins was a bow in that theatrical direction, although not enough to satisfy those who deplore the absence of the Surrealist "spirit" from the Modern's halls. There were many, too, who were irritated more or less justifiably by director William Rubin's omission of such artists as Alechinski, Fahlstrom, Saul Steinberg, Balthus, the later work of the Abstract-Expressionists, Robert Morris, **et al.** This criticism is made inevitable by the untidy pervasiveness of Surrealism as a sensibility—a pervasiveness that no exhibition could register, except as a schematic chart that must lop off interesting stylistic tributaries and, worse, whole clauses from the endless poem. But the paradox of this "inclusionist" comment is that it hankered after less rather than more responsibility from the show's organizer—that it would have preferred a more wayward, unstable and imbalanced tally of the Surrealist achievement.

For the real objection was to the Museum's "centralist" position, and the pedagogical neatness of its display. Even though it was always acknowledged, this virtue was given little priority, except by critics of a formalist persuasion. For Nicolas Calas in *Arts* and John Ashbery in *Art News*, both of whom are devoted to and even shaped by the movement, Mr. Rubin's art historical penchant for viewing any work simultaneously as an object and an influence mars the perception of its real significance. The attempt to make sense of the Surrealist congeries of style led Rubin, in Calas' words, "to viewing the Surrealists as bastard heirs of Picasso and Matisse, and the post-Surrealists as bastard Surrealists. What a dismal heritage."

It is curious that the intercultural and iconographic disciplines needed to see continuities in such vast and unruly material should have been precisely those deplored by writers committed to imaginative cross-fertilization in Surrealism's name! Leaving aside *The Village Voice* and *The New York Free Press*, which judged such scholarship as mere pedantry, one sees the important thrust against the show in the notion that Surrealism has been "reduced" to a history of its types. It is a clash between two opposing visions of historicity: the one that detaches itself from earlier events in order to consider them from an overall and accurate, but still invented perspective; and the other that nostalgically, yet with much truth, upholds and identifies with, a past impulse that is undying.

Surely this quarrel would not have emerged had the subject of discussion

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For a conspiracy "there doesn't have to be a formal meeting; A MEETING OF THE MINDS IS ENOUGH, and which can be proved by circumstantial evidence."

John E. Wall, Asst. U.S. Attorney 4/18/68

HAVE YOU EVER CONSPIRED WITH DR. SPOCK?

Have you ever THOUGHT
that the war in Vietnam is illegal, unjust or immoral?

Have you ever SYMPATHIZED
with those men who, in conscience, refuse to fight in such a war?

Have you ever HOPED
that America would turn her resources towards solving her divisive domestic crises and away from wasteful military interventions abroad?

Have you always FELT FREE
to share your worst fears and best hopes for America with fellow citizens in public as well as private?

You may wonder, if these are considered the thoughts and acts of conspirators, how would a free man think and act?

You may wonder how free men can defend themselves, if in trying citizens for conspiracy, the government claims it need not prove that the defendants actually committed any overt illegal acts; or if, in trying them for conspiracy to counsel, it claims that it need not name those counseled by the defendants, nor prove that they influenced the activity of any other persons. Constitutional rights of free expression and due process of law can thus be abused.

The conspiracy trial in Boston has received much public attention. However little notice seems to be given to the hundreds of other cases which are now before the courts. These are the cases of conscientious young men, often standing alone in hostile or unsympathetic communities, facing the threat of up to five years in jail. Support MUST be obtained for these men, so that they may have the adequate legal defense which they, too, justly deserve, and which is their right.

To provide this defense, even if lawyers volunteer their time, an ample reservoir of funds must be created: funds for extensive legal research, transcripts of court proceedings, appeal fees and secretarial costs, all of which are essential elements of adequate legal defense. This is especially so in the complicated area of selective service law in which few lawyers have had extensive experience.

To meet this need the CIVIL LIBERTIES LEGAL DEFENSE FUND has been established. The Fund, an independent, non-profit, non-political organization is now engaged in a nationwide campaign to raise money for the legal defense of conscientious resisters and their supporters in the Coffin-Spock case and all other cases; to serve the legal profession by aiding in the formation of panels of attorneys experienced in selective service law; and to facilitate the initiation of affirmative legal actions in the area of civil liberties.

The Fund has already contributed not only to the defense of Coffin, Ferber, Goodman, Raskin and Spock, but to many others as well. Regardless of the outcome of the presidential campaign or the attempts to begin peace talks, these cases will continue to be prosecuted. For some young men the work of the Fund can mean the difference between liberty and five years in prison.

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been Cubism, say, or the Bauhaus. These movements do not generate today the same amount of emotion as Surrealism because in the case of the latter an extra-aesthetic presumption stubbornly nags not only the social, but the psychic conscience of its spectators. Formulated once again in terms of history, the debate pivots on whether you take seriously the idea that art issues primarily from art, or accept literally the Surrealist assumption that art can transcend itself (i.e., its historical moment and hermetic instincts) and permanently affect life in the same way as could an "action." For a contemporary art criticism that is obviously fatigued by the triviality of formal analysis, yet whose impulses are still primarily aesthetic, this is a crucial and disturbing question. And it is no less so for the quite justifiably estranged youth who do not wish to see the single most congenially anarchic movement in 20th-century art memorialized, as though in a cemetery.

The one prominent critic undisturbed by this predicament is Hilton Kramer of *The New York Times*, who sympathetically wrote that William Rubin "has exposed the harsh and unremitting way in which history itself has disclosed Dada and Surrealism to be, despite all hopes and protestations to the contrary, primarily movements of aesthetic thought and artistic accomplishment." That this was quite sufficient vindication of their treatment at the Modern was seconded by Barbara Rose in *Vogue* and Philip Leider, editor of *Artforum*. The latter, however, considers the Surrealist adventure to be "discredited," since it was a stopgap attempt of bad art to meet the challenge of Cubism by subject matter that, no matter how "convincing," had nothing to do with good painting. He cites with approval the opinion of another formalist writer, Michael Fried, that "the extent to which a painting is contaminated by the Surrealist *sensibility* is the extent of its failure." Those selections which he approves—and they include work by Miró, Matta and Giacometti —Leider praises for a finite and measurable "goodness" that somehow escaped relative "contamination," or at least proves it to be a secondary issue. Miró becomes the whipping boy here, the Miró whose undoubted brilliance as a painter is as recognized as the inextricable depth of his engagement with Surrealism is despised. Evidently, there are "good" Surrealists, in much the same fashion that some people speak of "good" Jews.

The great peculiarity of this rather soreheaded controversy in New York is that the two sides take stances exactly the opposite of what would have been expected of them. The one group, not caring for this artistic tradition and conceiving it as a kind of dropout, nevertheless applauds its installation at the Museum. The other party, partisan toward Dada and Surrealism, rejects the most ambitious and comprehensive presentation of it that we have yet seen. The only plausible interpretation of this reversal I can think of is that we are witnessing a squabble over proprietorship (particularly evident in the hassle about the Heritage section of the exhibition). This occurs at a moment when Cubism has long ago shown itself to have played out its most vital implications, and Dada and Surrealism are still being absorbed confusingly within the most disparate artistic frontiers.

If successful, a large exhibition might provoke certain fruitful areas of thinking. Inevitably, one of these levels of thought is the scholastic, and one can already imagine some of the future collations of the less familiar objects—the Bellmers, the Marcel Jancos, etc.—with the established corpus of the Surrealist imagination; or one can now more confidently relate "peinture-poesie" to some of its variants today. No less suggestive is the enhanced picture of the relation between Giacometti and American sculpture of the thirties and forties, or Miró's and Ernst's effect on our painting during the same time. Other, larger questions present themselves, too: what manner of artistic impulse is it that not merely survives most recent shifts in style but is implicit in those shifts, and can still explicitly affect their outcomes? (Or conversely, what in the nature of modern styles permits this kind of infiltration?) If it could not have explored such issues, the journalism I have described might at least have indicated them. Instead, with characteristic impatience, it refused to treat the show as a field day for connecting new circuits in the Dada-Surrealist switchboard, and indulged its primitive though obviously legitimate lust for talking about value.

It becomes hard for me to resist any longer adding my voice to the dialogue. Though I have no stake, and do not aspire to create a stake in Dada and Surrealism, I can still be as opinionated as anyone else. Mr. Rubin's admirable detachment, in his catalogue and his show, was necessary for him to clarify a record too long obscured and distorted. His efforts are unthickened by the coagulating passions of criticism. On the other hand, the most impressive and yet fluent critique of Surrealism I know is by Herbert Muller, in *New Directions*, 1940. He challenges the Surrealists' self-image of freedom on the ground of their dependence on the 19th-century absolutism of Freud, who conceived of the unconscious as "true psychic reality," a mechanistically fixed and commanded cause, rather than a mere description, of phenomena inside or behind or beyond psychic events. It is Muller's special objection that commitment to this absolutism paradoxically induces a kind of chaotic license. "Conceive," he writes, "the Unconscious as a vast storehouse to which Imagination has direct access, and its contents still need to be evaluated; what comes up is often trivial or freakish. Conceive it as the matrix of all impulse and desire, and these still need to be governed; how behavior ends is always more important than where it begins. Conceive it altogether as a wider and deeper self from which 'saving experiences' may come, and it is still no self at all until it has become self-conscious."

Whenever the first elements in this series of propositions win out over the second in the tangible underpinning of the Dada or Surrealist work of art, then they seem to have humiliated the value I would accord the work. For self-consciousness is the only faculty that can perceive and require a set of values. The correlative of this is that art generally stems only from art—its particular form of self-consciousness, as traced in its lost and regained (hence constantly rediscovered) awareness of its own history. This history, however, can never solely be a succession of physical configurations or an exclusive series of equations of objects with an outer or inner reality. A visual work of art is, I think, a condensed and crystallized set of allusions to sentiments and appearances that are manifested by forms and images. If this be taken as true, then it is inconceivable to me that the literalist views of Dada and Surrealism pronounced so vehemently this last month, views that embrace the whole of the most pervasive tradition in 20th-century art, can be other than partial and misguided. They do not recognize allusions as sufficient credentials for works of art that are not more or less handsome objects, or more or less effective gestures. To assume such requirements for the pieces assembled at the Museum is, oddly enough, to be strait jacketed by one's own self-consciousness, or rather, superego. For, if artistic allusion is to be credible, there must be some relaxation, some flexibility and latitude, in the way we program our responses. Let them be responses to authentic stimuli, rather than prescriptive judgments of no more than aesthetic myths. It is a tribute to the vitality of Dada and Surrealism that they still elicit such partisan reaction. But it is a misfortune that the light the exhibition reflects on criticism still reveals the futility and obsolescence of its entrenched positions.

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THEATRE & FILMS/ Robert Hatch

The socio-political high spirits that characterize so much of the news coming now from Czechoslovakia is to be found in full voice at the Public Theater, where Joseph Papp has staged *The Memorandum* by Vaclav Havel, a young Czech playwright and the literary manager of the Balustrade Theater in Prague. The Czechs today seem able to generate an impressive amount of reformist zeal without developing the self-righteousness and intolerance that customarily accompany such house cleaning. But distance makes this impression unreliable, and it is pleasant to have it supported by Mr. Havel's bureaucratic burlesque.

Not that *The Memorandum* is to be taken as a metaphoric reading of the readjustments now taking place within Czech Communist forces; indeed, it was written some time back and before the current positions had emerged. Rather, Mr. Havel entertains himself, and his audience, with some speculation as to what usually lies behind the more passionate ideological disputes. Chiefly, he finds, it is a matter of whose initials will validate a chit—a dominance too loosely guarded by those who enjoy it and hungered for with exaggerated appetite by those who do not.

In a true bureaucracy, any pretext will serve to test the nerves and resourcefulness of the reigning manager. In this case, the showdown comes over the adoption of Ptydepe as the official language for inter-office memoranda, the peculiar virtue of the tongue being that it can express with utter accuracy every nuance of every idea habitually transmitted in such communications (with the considerable side benefit that it is incapable of expressing other ideas in any form at all). The shocking fact is that the manager does not read Ptydepe, and his position is made no more tenable by the fact that neither does anyone else, with the exception of one very minor clerk who takes to the pigeonhole pidgin with Bartleby-like assiduity. He would obviously "go far" if the revolution were to prevail.

Alas for him, Ptydepe is mere pretext, and when the rubber stamps have changed hands its hour of ascendancy is done. A chief clerk has been found woolgathering, an assistant chief clerk has been rewarded for excellent generalship in the lunchroom—so empires topple and mutations of power spur the social evolution of the species.

All this is performed with excellent wit by a cast that Mr. Papp has schooled to crisp speech, elliptical gesture and rapid movement. (Their agility is both improved and enforced by the revolving stage on which Douglas Schmidt has placed his office set. It spins, not only to change scenes but to place the hierarchic positions of the contestants in jeopardy—they must skip nimbly to stay in one place.) I do not know how much Mr. Papp has done to Americanize the atmosphere, but if his direction has been neutral in this regard, the universality of office types suggested by Havel's play is impressive. In addition to the expectable yea sayers and rule watchers, there is the stenographer who repeatedly prays leave to run out for light refreshments; the loud and bawdy administrative assistant, a sort of den mother to the young bachelors; the fattish boy who always knows what's on for lunch. The members of the cast who make the sharpest impression—if only because they have the best opportunities—are Paul Stevens, John Heffernan, Sudie Bond, William Duell and Olympia Dukakis. Brad Sullivan has a rewarding, if cramping, part as an official spy hidden in the ventilating system—a position he compromises by an inability to stifle outbursts of protest against breached protocol. The theatre of moral instruction is not often this much fun.

A Czech work about which I have more mixed feelings is the film by Zbynek Brynych, *The Fifth Horseman Is Fear*. It opens on a huge arrangement of chairs, chinaware, clocks and violins in profusion upon the walls. This might be an exhibition of exemplary objects in some modern museum, but it is a collecting point for confiscated Jewish property during the time of German conquest. Somehow the graphic appeal works against the implications.

The house in which lives the hero, Dr. Braun, and particularly his own room, are as a rational as a Mondrian. Brynych works with beauty: a shower room in which Czech whores prepare for their night with the *Wehrmacht* takes on the delights of an Impressionist vision of bathers—and never mind the overtones that showers evoke in the history of the Third Reich.

I think I understand the intention: by making life so beautiful, down to the least significant clothes peg, the most fleeting female torso, the accidental montage of a peeling exterior wall, you screw up the horror of impending extermination. Even an insane asylum, staged as a dance, can heighten the desirability of existence. But though I could respect that response on the part of another viewer, it did not work so for me. Decor fenced me off from the abomination.

Or perhaps it is only that I was more

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aware of the conscious taste because the story failed to seize me. I believe it, I honor it, I have never seen it better done. But I have seen it done so often. The Jewish doctor, stripped of his profession, who nevertheless must heal; the frightened human being, whose compassion will not permit him to save his own life at the expense of another's pain. It is fine and it used to restore one's faith. But it has become a cliché and lost its restorative powers.

And one aspect of the picture I do not believe at all. The Czech police have come to the old Jew's room, where a wounded partisan lies hidden. The lieutenant (as clean-jawed and Marine-cropped as the hero of any Support Your Local Police TV serial) clearly knows the man is there and clearly spares the doctor. It is only the phone call of a neighbor crazed with fear that brings on the denouement. I can't swallow quisling cops who retain a soft spot for defiant Jews. Something of the same moral ambiguity struck me about *The Shop on Main Street*. There is a need, apparently, to admit that the contagion of nastiness infected every country that Hitler overran, and at the same time a reluctance to admit that it really happened. The time for breast-beating is now probably past; in any case, it does no good to beat your breast with padded fists.

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ROBERT PASOLLI

While Robert Lowell writes "deep" plays which probably reward study, I don't think that *Endecott and the Red Cross* need be as hard to grasp on first encounter as it is in John Hancock's spectacular production at the American Place Theatre. Lowell engages serious issues by focusing on the personal affairs of public men, and makes his statements through a sequence of monologues and duologues. Thus his play narrows rather than expands your field of attention. Hancock, however, has mounted a wide-open production, multiplying discrete effects and actions until they accumulate into a panorama which is constantly flinging your attention out and away. The elements of play and production are counter-engrossing. You cannot close out one or the other. But, the senses being more available to stimulus than the intellect, the production does in the end win the day. While I could recount what happens in *Endecott and the Red Cross,* I could only speculate on the implications of what happens, particularly in the references which Lowell obviously intends his historical particulars to make to current affairs.

In one area, however, play and production work together; that is, in creating a rich and detailed historical atmosphere. The action takes place in 1630 at a royal plantation in New England. Salem, of which Endecott is Governor, is close by, and Indians are about.

In this setting a series of confrontations occurs between the Crown and the colonists, whose interests are already diverging. In the end, Endecott finds himself defiling the flag of England—at that time, a red cross on a white field—incarcerating the King's emissary and destroying the settlement. Lowell and Hancock have collaborated to create an imaginary garden with real Puritans in it—an atmosphere at once familiar, hence accessible, and particular, hence authoritative. Lowell's "historical" language is natural without being colloquial, and his characterizations are rooted in the modern psychology of the stage without calling attention to the fact. His nerve never fails him, and his sense of proportion between then and now almost never.

Hancock has nothing if not nerve. He has had his talented designers trick out the garden with some fabulous topiary. Robert LaVigne, a costume designer capable of inspiration in several modes, has clothed the up-tight Puritans, the loose-living Royalists and the unreconstructed Indians with equal *élan.* His conception of the armored suits in which the Puritan soldiers walked around the forest is wicked, and his ribbon-belaced homespun for the eccentric royal colonists is as daft as their behavior. John Wulps's set paintings of foreshortened trees, looking like what Henri Rousseau would have painted if he had belonged to the Hudson River School, make an illusion of great depth of forest with Robert Morgan's lights behind them; it is a masterful effect.

Hancock has also drawn diverse performances from his major actors. Kenneth Haigh, who plays the title role, has wonderful presence, and since he does his soul-searching on a causeway jutting into the audience, he is very present indeed. He performs the Olivier bit extremely well—the eyes, don't move anything but the eyes—which always works, in spite of the touch of cynicism it incorporates. Jack Harkins is a pudding of a plantation keeper, all mealy-mouthed bluff, but with a mischievous sparkle in the eye. Nick Kepros does the King's emissary with elegance and a stunning calm; he is splendid in Oxford finery, and speaks the king's English, not to mention Lowell's, with precision and polish. Ralph Clanton, finally, plays a Puritan theocrat with an authoritative dignity which captures the human meaning of the type; that is, its meaning in its own milieu rather than in ours (Lowell takes care of the latter very nicely). These performances, being part of Hancock's mixed bag, are effective individually without a thought for ensemble. The whole, it seems, is exactly equal to the sum of its parts.

AGING WIFE

I flick on the FM in the mornings,
and Vivaldi, cooking, listening for you
shields me from my self.
But when night creaks
in the floorboards,
and the great oars of sleep
dip into you, then like a blind woman
I lie in my starless mind
and wait for your luminous stillnesses
to water my body
and rinse out the dying inside.

MARTHA FRIEDBERG

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